



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The suicide of Lady Mary Bligh, a daughter of the Earl of Darnley, is one of those occurrences that serve to remind us that, after all, the things that really amount to much in this life are fairly well divided between the great and the humble. It seems that the unfortunate lady has suffered from ill health for some time, and now that she has drowned herself the story goes that she has been brooding over unrequited love. It might almost be said that good health and success in affairs of the heart are blessings that the poor enjoy in greater measure than the titled-rich. Whether a man be a royal duke or a peasant his prime needs are food, clothing and shelter. He also requires enough sense to know how to use these things, so that he shall not eat his clothes or otherwise go wrong. If he has these things and uses them rightly, whether he be king or peasant matters very little. Whatever his social station he is liable to sickness, he must eat, he must sooner or later die. The milkmaid in her new calico gown may feel a pride of dress and an all-pervading joy, that the countess in her jewels and her gorgeous gown from Paris cannot feel. Love goes unrequited and lovers pine away in every level of life from the court of the Emperor down to the slums of the city or to the cabins in the wilderness. Wherever men and women live they are men and women, and the emotions that you feel others are feeling above and below you. The romances, the tragedies and the farces are the same pieces, though played with different settings.

The reader probably thinks that with youth, wealth and title he or she would be happy, but here is a lady so circumstanced and she ended her life in a pond. She would no doubt have gladly exchanged wealth and title for that degree of health which millions possess and treat as valueless. Beauty, love, comfort, successes of every kind, depend upon health, yet about half of those who have it are squandering it recklessly, although they see millionaires emptying their chests of gold to buy it back.

Many people must have read with great satisfaction the item in the daily papers saying that the authorities of the city were not this year destroying off-hand all dogs that were seized for being tagless, but that several valuable canines were now being held and that any applicant could take his pick of them on payment of two dollars. Many a fine dog has been destroyed in previous seasons, and those who are fond of fancy breeds or watch-dogs have always felt that the practice of seizing and exterminating all animals that can be caught tagless, is very arbitrary. A stranger may bring a dog here with him for a day or two, and find himself despoiled of it owing to a local regulation, of which he could have no knowledge. It is safe to say that any citizen who has raised a dog or has had it long enough to see that affection which all dogs have for their masters, would not knowingly allow it to be slaughtered to save the amount of the tax. That so many dogs are seized and smothered every season is the fault of the system. The householder hears nothing of a dog tax when he is paying his water rates or his income tax. He must assess himself for his dog; he must find out for himself that there is a tax and where and when it is to be paid. A family moving into the city probably hears of the tax for a first time when the house dog disappears from the doorstep and cannot be found. There is no public and sufficient advertisement of the fact that dogs are taxable, that tags must be procured before a certain date, upon which day the dog catchers will be let loose. A dog may have a market value of five hundred dollars, yet if it gets into the pound it is not advertised as a twenty-dollar horse or cow would be. It is held for so many hours and if not claimed and charges paid, it is smothered, or if not, it is, as this year, sold for two dollars. No doubt such a sale of a dog will hold good, for if the city can smother a dog, it may be inferred that it can spare its life and sell it and give the buyer a clear title. Where a dog has breeding and value it would seem best that the animal should be advertised. The object of the by-law is to regulate the dog population so that there shall not arise in the city a tribe of vagabond curs to wolf and thieve upon the people. The secondary object is to raise a revenue. The object is not, in any sense, to steal dogs from good citizens. This being so it would seem the duty of the authorities to advertise all impounded dogs in briefly described terms, a claimable to a certain date, saleable to a certain date and that, if unclaimed and unsold, they would be destroyed. I think that no dog that really has an owner would be allowed to

perish knowingly, and so the revenue derived from the dog tax would be greatly increased in this way. The dog-owning public would feel easier, too.

The Hamilton Herald replies to my article of last week in reference to those members of Parliament who accepted Government jobs, by saying that it would be unfair to "bounce" these men on mere suspicion, and that to do so would establish an unsafe precedent, because if any Liberal members are appointed to office the next Conservative Government would retaliate by dismissing them. The Herald sug-

a great many persons, but this paper prefers to take an interest in the actual cases that confront us, and when the men who disgraced themselves and the country in whose parliament they sat, are rebuked and driven out, the time will have arrived for the non-political multitude to rise up and demand that the possibility of such a scandal recurring shall be guarded against.

If it has been or ever will be wrong for members of parliament to accept government jobs, it was wrong last session. The party fences were all broken down by the question of

good government will lose much of that confidence in the Liberal leaders which their professions of virtue have inspired. Here is a clear duty standing ready to their hands. If they discharge that duty, members of Parliament will not hereafter dare to betray their constituents for personal gain. If they neglect that duty, disreputable men will at once recognize Parliament as an ideal place for their operations, and members will greedily enter into bargains and laugh at such protests and threats as spread dismay in the House when spoken by Sir Richard Cartwright last session.

of carrying on the Government for more than a year or two. This opinion was very generally expressed until it became apparent that Sir Charles Tupper, who, at his age expects never to have another innings, was resolved to hang on until the very last tick of the clock—gratifying himself for an hour at the expense of the party for a generation to come. Those who are defending him now are sowing seed that will produce a harvest of trouble later on. When an Administration is beaten it should have not only the decency to quit, but it should have the sense to quit—it should know enough of the game of politics to be aware that when a political party is beaten by its own adherents a dignified and injured air is both becoming and effective.

The Government, because of its follies, was defeated by the Conservative party, and the party will not attempt to carry any handicap from this time forward. The party will no longer serve as the scapegoat for political adventurers and pocket-stuffers who crowd to Ottawa from all the Provinces. These men and those who unworthily held office, should at once be thrown to the lions, for any attempt to preserve or rescue them, can only result in worse injury to the party. For a long time the Conservative organization has been manipulated by office holders, but now it has been discovered that those men who have been feeding upon the party do not constitute the party, any more than worms in apples constitute the fruit of an orchard. No doubt many a worm as it works away at the heart of an apple thinks it is playing a very important part in the orchard. It works and drills away busily, and feels competent to advise the apple how to grow mellow, and the tree how to grow tall, broad and fruitful. But energetic as it may be and busy as it may be, it is an apple-worm. The advice it may give is of the apple-worm sort and calculated to make the orchard a paradise for apple-worms rather than a cause of pride to those who own the trees. It is necessary for the owner of the orchard—and the people own the particular orchard referred to here—to come out and shake the trees now and then so that wormy apples may fall off and the trees be given to understand that their main business is not to feed and fatten apple-worms. When a tree begins to lay itself out to do whatever the grubs tell it to do in their own interest, the owner needs to give it an extra good shake. The moral of this is that the revenues of the country were not primarily intended to be raised for the benefit of office-holders, but that office-holders were created for the purpose of collecting and handling the necessary revenues of the country. Another moral is that the men who get good fat eating out of a political party are not the flesh and bone of the party—they are not the brains of the party, but merely the vermin that inhabit its hair. If they become too pestiferous the party gets mad and takes a bath.

The attempt to force through about four hundred orders-in-council was the desperate resort of a politician who has been a spoilsman all his life and who was determined to make every possible use of his last chance. No doubt he was supported by several men in his own party, who also feel that this is their last chance, some being old and others shrinking from the disclosures that must inevitably shock Parliament during the coming session. The men who mismanaged or corruptly used the offices entrusted to them, injuring the country and bringing shame upon the Conservative name, might as well give up the struggle and compose their features in political death.

The regrettable thing is that a Canadian Premier should have forced Lord Aberdeen to claim and exercise a real substantial authority in government, after we have, in course of years, gradually reduced the Governor-Generalship until it became but an honorary office. The clock has been turned back. Again we have

seen a Governor use—because compelled to do so—those gifts of statesmanship and those powers reposed in him by the constitution, which no Governor has been required to use since the days of Lord Dufferin. No Canadian Premier should have provoked an interference on the part of the Crown representative in a purely domestic matter. From the departure of Lord Dufferin until the day of Sir John Macdonald's death, the great parliamentary leader, with statesmanly caution, worked to make the office of Governor General purely social and honorary, but in an hour Sir Charles Tupper has lost all the ground that Sir John gained. To recover this ground will be the work of years, for while Lord Aberdeen acted without any precedent that exactly fitted the case, he has interposed to prevent a scandal of wholesale dimensions, and so, hereafter, there will be a definite pre-



Markham Skipworth, Royal Academy.

ZARA: A DANCING GIRL.

gests that SATURDAY NIGHT should advocate the passage of a law making members of Parliament ineligible "for appointment to any office in the gift of the crown," and for one year after they cease to be members of the House. This paper has advocated the passing of some such law, but this paper has grown somewhat tired of suggestions for the purification of Parliament, since all these fine theorizings result in nothing. The patronage power has been abused in this country by every Government we have had, Federal or Provincial, and of late the abuse has become notorious in the Dominion Parliament and in the Ontario Assembly—members being held in line for months by the promise, and for years by the hope, of office. To start in now to advocate a reform that we could not hope to see accomplished until some time in the next century, would probably suit

Remedial Legislation and the country had a right to expect that its parliamentary representatives would conduct themselves like honest gentlemen. They did not do it. Many of them used the crisis in their country's history as the thieves of St. Louis used the tornado—they seized anything they could lay their hands on. Why should they be pardoned? What is there in such conduct that should appeal to the consideration of any honest man? Those who live by playing the game of politics may find excuses for these men, but others cannot. I do not urge that they be dismissed on mere suspicion, but let a commission be appointed and see how many of them will venture to face a fair enquiry.

Sir Richard Cartwright pledged the Liberal party to investigate all these appointments, and unless the pledge is redeemed lovers of

The election of Alexander McNeill in North Bruce is cause for congratulation, especially in view of the fact that first returns numbered him among the slain. Mr. McNeill is by no means a heavy-weight in Parliament. He has a tendency to rhapsodize, to pose a bit and to grow rhapsodical at times, but he has the sensitive nature of a woman and would be one of the last men in Parliament to lend himself to any dishonorable project. He is the sort of man who, in caucus, will assist the party to begin that new and better life which opens to it.

Sir Charles Tupper has at last resigned. By hanging on with hands and toes and teeth as though every moment counted, he has presented an undignified spectacle, and has almost completely dispelled a belief that was widespread for a week after the election, that the Liberals would be unequal to the task

cedent exalting the Governor-General into substantial power. We have not a leg to stand on. Aberdeen was right, and the public opinion of the country endorses him. The Conservative party as a body—apart from its office-holders and those whose names were mentioned in the objectionable orders-in-council—endorse the course taken by Lord Aberdeen. It would have been an unjust thing had a beaten Premier, a repudiated leader of the Conservative party, been permitted to shelve upon the country an army of men who had engaged with him in an adventure which aimed to bully the Conservative party and the country. The whole enterprise in which Sir Charles Tupper has been engaged since he sailed for Canada to pay a friendly visit to his relatives and friends, can only be described as a well-planned onslaught upon the Conservative party whose leadership he seized and the country whose dictator he sought to become. The people rejected him at the polls, and when, in angry desperation, he sought to retaliate upon the people by railroading through four hundred orders-in-council, the representative of the Crown interposed to protect the people from this injury. MACK.

Social and Personal.

The question this month among society people is rather where are people than what are they doing. To the four points of the compass has the exodus gone forth. Those who have country houses are by this time settled therein; those who choose to sojourn for a time at more or less fashionable summer resorts, are taking on coats of tan, frescoed with mosquito bites and various other efforts of many legged "birds" of prey. The hotel balconies are seeing the usual number of summer flirtations, and men are at a premium. Jolly old paterfamilias have forgotten "figures" and "stocks," in every sense of the word, including business and deportment; mammas are retailing the latest watering place scandal, and closely watching the course of various giddy people. Those of us who have taken or postponed their holiday, are enough in love with Toronto to stay here contentedly, find ample fresh air and exercise with the bicycle. Toronto is really lovely this summer. The air is cool, the foliage luxuriant and the streets wonderfully clean. While many a well known hospitable house turns shuttered windows to the street, there are still many open to the evening caller and the five o'clock tea drinker. One can really enjoy a call these days. The hostess is not a mere automaton, shaking hands, welcoming the coming and speeding the parting guest, turning six ways for Sunday to be sure each one has his or her tea, and a word of special interest. The day of the crowded afternoon is over and leisure reigns supreme. Ten to one the mistress of the house has on a bicycle suit, and the wheel leans suggestively in the hall. Again, ten to one the visitor is also in knickers or abbreviated skirts, as said visitor happens as to sex. For our bicycle clothes are the correct thing almost everywhere at this season.

Wednesday was a day of weddings, several of which were of paramount interest in smart circles. That of Mr. John Morrow and Mrs. Alexander Cameron was not the grand event which it would probably have been, had not the prominent lady specially interested been in first mourning for the loss of her mother, Mrs. Lyon, who died but a few weeks ago. It was a house ceremony, the picture gallery which forms the west wing of the large house on Carlton street being the apartment chosen for the celebration of the marriage. Flowers were profusely used in decoration, and the quaint and noble proportions of the chamber, with its tiny musicians' gallery, were admirably suited to enclose the small and elegant party who witnessed the marriage of the mistress of the mansion. Mrs. Cameron wore a beautiful gown of silver-gray canvas over silk, and a small bonnet, and never looked more attractive. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Niagara, and the guests only included half a dozen intimate friends and the bride's relatives; Mrs. Cattenach, Mrs. Drayton, Miss Hugel, and the Misses Contance and Edith Jarvis being in fact the only witnesses not connected with the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Morrow have gone to Europe, where they remain until Christmas, at which festive season we may expect them back in Toronto. A graceful tribute to Mrs. Cameron, who excels in generosity to any deserving cause, was the floral belt sent from the fine conservatories at the Mimico Industrial Schools. Mrs. Cameron some years ago built and furnished the Cameron cottage for the boys of Mimico, and has always been most liberal in their behalf. A few rich and elegant presents were sent to the bride, and many warm wishes for her happiness from affectionate friends.

Holy Trinity church was wreathed with marguerites and ferns by the hands of the young bride's friends on Wednesday, to honor the occasion of the marriage of Miss Muriel Wragge to Mr. George Allan of Winnipeg. At half-past two the bridal party arrived and the procession was formed. The bride was led by her father, Mr. Edmund Wragge, and attended by four bridesmaids and two maids of honor. Her robe des noces was of rich white satin and *crepe lisse*, with regulation veil and orange blossoms and beautiful bouquet, and her delicate features and *petite form* were admirably set off by the usually trying bridal finery. The maids were Miss Bertha Wragge, Miss Audrey Allan, Miss Georgie Crombie and Miss Gzowski, who wore white organdie over silk, with valenciennes lace and large white hats with tulle and pink flowers. The bridesmaids bouquets were of the fragrant and delicate sweet-pea flowers, in pink and white. Mr. Bingham Allan was best man. The maids of honor were Miss Cassells and Miss Marion Gillespie, in white frocks and hats. Mr. Wragge gave away the bride. The rector, Rev. John Pearson, assisted by Canon Cayley were the officiating priests. After the ceremony the *nouveaux maries* held a reception at the home of the bride's parents in Wellesley street, at which society showered good wishes upon the pair. Mr. and Mrs. Allan left for a sojourn *en villégiature*, and will shortly proceed to Winnipeg, where I am told a warm welcome awaits the young matron. Mr. Allan has been so perfect a

cavalier *des dames* in that far city, that his friends are legion, and the bride will happily come in for the good feeling which Mr. Allan's many excellent social qualities have secured. Toronto's loss will be most emphatically Winnipeg's gain. Among the guests at the marriage were: Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski, Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Miss Crooks, Mrs. Fisher of Winnipeg, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Cockburn, Hon. G. W. and Mrs. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Larratt-Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie, Mrs. and Miss Cattenach, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Mrs. John Cawthra, Miss Cawthra, Mrs. Stephen Heward, Miss Montizambert of Quebec and Mr. and Mrs. Cassells. The ushers were Messrs. E. Wragge, Jr., Charles McInnes, John Moss and Clarence Bogart.

The marriage of Miss Mable Peacock, daughter of Mr. W. R. Peacock, manager of the Bon Marche, and Dr. S. G. T. Barton took place on Wednesday last at the residence of the bride's parents, 122 Argyle street, Rev. Mr. Norrie of St. Matthias officiating. Miss Peacock wore a handsome gown of white silk, richly trimmed with brocade and *chiffon*. Miss Alma Barton was bridesmaid, wearing pearl white silk, with *chiffon* and pearl trimmings. Mr. Will Snider was best man. After their return from the honeymoon Dr. and Mrs. Barton will take up house at 678 Spadina avenue. Among the guests present were: Mr. and Mrs. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Barton, Mr. and Mrs. Regan, Mr. Mullholland, Mr. and Mrs. Barber, Mr. Will Snider, Miss Lena Barton, Mr. C. G. Y. King of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. J. McDonald of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt of Delorane, Mr. and Mrs. George Beatty of Rochester, Dr. T. H. Noble of Havelock, Dr. James Grant of Woodville, Dr. James Galloway of Beaverton, Mr. and Mrs. Gillard, Mr. and Mrs. R. Aitken, Mr. and Mrs. Gourlie, Mrs. H. Gourlie, Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie of Woodbridge, Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. McEachern, Mr. and Mrs. Goodman, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Sherrie, Miss Ida Phillips, Mr. John Levaek, Miss Maggie Morrison of Woodbridge, Mrs. Lennox of Downsview, Mr. and Mrs. Miss McKenzie and Miss Wallace of Woodbridge, Mrs. Dack, Mrs. Tew, Mr. and Mrs. Fairfield, Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Buchan, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Wilson, Miss Maggie Rodger of Woodbridge, Mrs. Doherty, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Cousineau, Miss Mix, Mr. McWhirter, Mr. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Loudon, Mr. and Mrs. Somers of Beeton, Mr. George Barton, the Misses Cotton, and Mr. Fred Skill.

On Tuesday evening of last week a very pretty house wedding took place at 388 Berkeley street, the residence of the bride's mother, when Miss Lizzie Caldwell was married to Mr. William Wilson, the officiating minister being Rev. Joseph Odery. The happy couple left on the midnight train for the West, and on their return will reside on Parliament street.

A quiet ceremony on the morning of June 27 united Mr. George Sharkey and Miss Isabel M. Taylor. The ceremony took place in St. Michael's cathedral, and the young couple left on the morning train for the East. Mr. and Mrs. Sharkey were guests during the C. W. A. Meet at Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, where the pretty bride was much admired.

Mrs. Harry Pellatt and Mrs. Walter S. Lee were hostesses to the tennis tea at the Athletic Club on Wednesday afternoon, when a smart party of ladies and a very slim complement of men filled the balcony of the Club House. Owing to the new arrangements at the Club, the hostesses were notified at the last moment that the services of the Club waiters could not be secured, and a contingent of parlor-maids was hastily arranged with for the service of the tea. Miss Aileen Gooderham, in a charming picture hat crowned with roses, and dainty light summer gown, poured tea. Among the guests were: Mrs. John Cawthra, Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon and Miss Mabel Cawthra, who are welcome to a *coterie* which has mourned their absence for many months; Mrs. and Miss Cawthra were exquisitely gowned in the finery donated for the fashionable wedding of the earlier afternoon; Mrs. J. Forbes Michie wore a very smart and *chic* costume of black stripes on white silk and soft *quilles* of *chiffon*, and a large white hat; Mrs. Goldwin Smith, the fairy godmother of the Club, whose generous cheque for a round thousand had come to hand the same day, with Mrs. Dawson and Miss Crooks, Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. Cowan, the Misses Lee, Michie, Wilkes, Taylor, Mrs. Fisher of Winnipeg, Miss Sinclair, Professor Goldwin Smith, Colonel Buchan, Major Lessard, Mrs. Arthur VanKoughnet, Miss Seymour, Mr. Griffin, Mr. Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Chris Lee, Mrs. Massey, Mrs. Charlie Robinson and many others. Mrs. Pellatt wore a beautiful gown of palest blue, with silver passementerie, and a large hat. Mrs. Lee was not at the tea, being out of Toronto. The next tea of the series will be given on Wednesday week by Mrs. Charlie Nelson and Mrs. J. W. F. Ross.

Mr. Robert Gooderham, Mrs. Gooderham, Miss Eva and Miss Ada L. Gooderham of Sherbourne street sail from New York to-day for Europe via Cunard steamer Etruria.

Mr. Gus Baldwin sails from New York via Cunard steamer Etruria to-day for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Riddle are away in Europe.

Mr. A. Courtice Brown of New York, formerly of Toronto, spent a few days in town last week visiting his mother, Mrs. (Major) Brown, of Sherbourne street.

Dr. and Mrs. Bradshaw and family of Allegheny, Pa., occupy Mr. Thomson's house, Apollo Island, Lake Muskoka, for the season.

Mr. H. Brock, of the Toronto Church School, and family have gone to their beautiful new house on Stony Lake to spend the summer holidays.

Mr. John Morrow's friends in Toronto took advantage of the auspicious occasion of his approaching marriage to Mrs. Alexander Cam-

eron to tender him a dinner, which took place at the Toronto Club on Monday evening, July 6. Amongst those present were: His honor the Hon. George A. Kirkpatrick in the chair, Mr. Oliver Howland, Mr. George Torrance, Mr. Walter Barwick, Dr. McDonagh, Mr. W. E. Burritt, Mr. John Foy, Dr. O'Reilly, Mr. Herbert Cawthra, Mr. Henry Brock, Mr. W. R. Wadsworth, Mr. C. A. Pilon, Surgeon-General Strange, Mr. P. J. Strathy and Capt. Kirkpatrick.

Mrs. F. W. Rose, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. J. Tinning of St. Mary street, left last week for a visit to Calgary and Banff, N. W. T.

Mrs. Worthington and Mrs. Elwood are at their cottage in Muskoka. Miss Mary Elwood is visiting Miss Jean Smith of 311 Jarvis street.

At the last drawing-room held at Buckingham palace by her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, by command of the Queen, Miss Bankes, granddaughter of Sir David Macpherson and niece of Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Government House, was among the *debutantes*. Miss Bankes' presentation was made by the Hon. Mrs. St. Lawrence Tighe. Her gown was an exquisite combination of rich white satin and silver brocade. The corsage, with its charmingly picturesque sleeves of white tulle, was enriched with beautiful embroidery in pearls, chains of which also embellished the sleeves. The train of white and silver brocade was trimmed with deftly-fashioned bows of white tulle, joined with chains of pearls. A white tulle veil, with the orthodox feathers, completed her toilette. Her shower bouquet was composed of white roses, stephanotis and carnations. She also wore some beautiful diamond ornaments.

The sad news sent by cable on Wednesday of the sudden death of Mrs. Frank Hodgins in London, England, gave everyone the sincerest sorrow, as the deceased lady had many warm friends in Toronto. Mrs. Hodgins (nee Macklem) was largely connected with several of the oldest families in Toronto and Chippewa, she was a bright and beloved member of a large social circle, an energetic worker in all good schemes, a member whose place it will be hard to fill in St. Simeon's church. Mr. and Mrs. Hodgins left but a few days ago to visit their young son, Sherwood, who was entering the navy in England and had only just landed.

Messrs. B. B. Osler and Christopher Robinson were among the arrivals of the week at The Windsor, New York.

Mrs. Peter Small, Mrs. L. V. McBrady and Rev. Father Small are at Port Carling, Muskoka.

Mrs. J. E. Hazelton is visiting friends in Barrie.

Dr. A. D. Chambers, son of Mr. J. D. Chambers of Mutual street, who has lately received the degree of doctor of philosophy at the Johns Hopkins University, has returned home. He held the position of assistant in analytical chemistry for the year '94-'95 and was fellow during the last year.

Commander John Denison has received his promotion to a post-captaincy.

Mr. Alex. Creelman and Mr. George Mitchell leave next week for a summer outing.

Mr. Harold Jarvis of Detroit has taken a house in Parkdale for the summer months, and will be here frequently in compliance with many requests to give lessons in voice production and expression in singing. His address will be 115 Dowling avenue.

Mr. T. A. McMurtry and Mr. William Low of this city left last Monday to visit friends in Washington, New York and other cities in the United States, and before returning will spend a few days at the seaside.

Misses E. Howie and Eldred Macdonald will spend the summer months at the Windermere House, Muskoka.

Mr. Peter Macdonald will spend July and August in Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Rochereau de la Sabliere are rejoicing in the advent of a little daughter, whose birth is announced to their friends by cards in foreign fashion. Residents of Jarvis street have admired the improvements which Mr. Rochereau has made in the residence purchased by him last year, and which now looks quite an ornament to its locality.

The ever-popular Victoria Dramatic Club have decided to hold their annual entertainment on Friday, July 24th at the club rooms of the Island Aquatic Association on Centre Island. No effort has been spared by the committee and the programme will excel anything ever before given by the Dramatic Club, and will include some of the best professional and amateur talent in the city. The ferry boat arrangements will be such as to enable residents of the West Point to attend the concert, returning them at the close of the entertainment. The affair is in the hands of the following committee: Messrs. E. F. Ambury, H. Gerald Wade, E. S. Read, R. L. Cowan, W. C. B. Furness and Claude L. N. Norrie.

Mr. Arthur Stringer has returned from Oxford, Eng., for the summer vacation.

Miss Van Ranslaer, who is one of our most popular visitors, is the guest of Miss Arthurs at Ravenswood.

A lot of well known people from hereabouts sailed on the Vancouver last Saturday for England.

Dean Rigby of Trinity and Miss Patterson, principal of St. Hilda's College, were married very quietly at eight o'clock last Thursday, and have gone to Muskoka. The ceremony took place at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene.

Mrs. Willie Galbraith is summering at Strawberry Island, Lake Simcoe.

Mr. Charlie Ross of the Dominion Bank and Miss Ross, who have been in the Old Country for some time, returned home this week.

Miss Lea of Bedford road left last week for a trip through England and the Isle of Man.

Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Miss Marion Ball is the guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Alfred Ball.

Bishop DuMoulin, who will hold a confirmation service at St. Mark's on Sunday morning, will be given a reception by the congregation at the rectory on Saturday evening from eight o'clock until ten. As it is the bishop's first visit to Niagara since his consecration, he will undoubtedly be accorded a very warm and hearty welcome. There will be a service, without sermon, at St. Mark's at 9.30 on Sunday morning, followed at 11 by the confirmation, with an address by the bishop. His lordship will also preach at the evening service.

Miss Hilda Herchmer, who is stopping with Mrs. Robert Ball at her pretty place, Holmehurst, is becoming famous as a talented pianist. Socially she is still a very youthful and pretty *debutante*, but in the musical world she has already won for herself a most enviable position. One of her most recent successes was at Albani's latest concert in Montreal, at which Miss Herchmer took the place of the pianist advertised for the evening, but unable to be present. Miss Herchmer received a very flattering reception and at the conclusion of the concert was warmly complimented by Madame Albani herself.

Nearly two hundred of the Boy's Brigade of Toronto and fifty more from Hamilton are enjoying a holiday here. They are under canvas on the old Fort Mississauga common, and will remain until next week.

Miss Muir of Hamilton spent last Sunday with Mrs. Charles Ball.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Arnold of Chicago have been spending a few days at Rev. Canon Arnold's. They returned home this week.

Miss Grace Carew Sheldon of Buffalo is the guest of Miss Fell.

Mrs. Monty Morson and Miss Wyatt are stopping with Mrs. Charles Hunter of The Cedars.

Mrs. A. M. Macrae is visiting friends at the Island, Toronto.

The following clergy attended the Chapter of the Rural Deanery here last Thursday: Rural Dean Armitage, Rev. P. Spencer of Thorold, Dean Gribble of Port Dalhousie, Rev. Lawrence Skeay of Merriton, Rev. S. Woodroffe of Homer, Rev. P. D. Smith of Fort Erie, Rev. Dr. Roy of Devoe College, Niagara Falls, N. Y., Rev. G. Bull of Niagara Falls South. They were entertained by Rev. J. C. Garrett, meetings being held in the morning and afternoon at the Rectory. Services were also held in the morning and evening at St. Mark's.

There will be no hop at the Queen's Royal this evening. On Tuesday, however, the gaieties of the Tennis Tournament will begin, when every one who can possibly do so will be here. There are many entries already—more than enough to ensure the success of the tournament. Miss Percy has been the guest during the week of Mrs. Henry Altman.

The Fourth of July was celebrated in true, loyal style by the many Americans in town. Among those who flew the Stars and Stripes and evinced their nationality by a grand display of fire works were: Mr. George Birge, Mrs. Robert Arnold, Mrs. Percy Ball, Mr. Gus Fleischmann, Mr. Henry Altman, and a number of others. Mr. Fleischmann's handsome residence attracted about a hundred spectators, who congregated outside and strolled up and down enjoying the scene. On the upper balconies inside were a number of invited guests whose constant applause and exclamations of pleasure showed their appreciation of the fireworks, which lasted over two hours. The house itself was gay with Chinese lanterns and flags, the union jack floating conspicuously in the center. A sumptuous banquet followed, at which were the following: Dr. H. L. Anderson, Mr. W. Anderson, Capt. and Mrs. Robert Dickson, Miss Dickson, the Misses Winnett, Mr. Watts Lansing, Miss McGaw and many others. Mr. and Mrs. A. Wright are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Watt.

Mr. Ernest Ball was among last Sunday's visitors in town. The following from Buffalo registered at the Queen's last Saturday: Mr. George M. Storret, Mr. Graham Smith, Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Howard, Mr. Rodney D. Hall, Mr. George Weed, Mr. Seymour Barnard, Miss Rose G. Love, Miss Galligan, Miss Eva Neil, Mr. John F. Cochrane, Mrs. G. Looney, Miss Eugenie Looney, Miss Grace Looney, Mr. Walter Weed, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Altman, Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Crossthwaite, Miss Crossthwaite, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Polley, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Love, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Bassett, Mr. and Mrs. N. K. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Alberger, A. H. Alberger, Miss Cora Gaskill, Mr. B. Jones, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Gilbert, Miss Jones, Mr. C. D. Fowler, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Fassett, Mr. and Mrs. William Foster, Miss Geyer, Mr. J. L. Crossthwaite Jr., Mrs. E. S. Howley, Mr. E. H. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Donaldson, Mr. C. H. Donaldson, the Misses Donaldson, Dr. and Mrs. W. Tremaine, Miss Tremaine, Mr. John E. Selkirk, Mr. Harrison Williams, Mr. George Brownell, Mr. Porter G. Willett, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Rounds, Mrs. P. Burtis, Miss Burtis and Mr. E. Wilhelm.

Mr. Barnard of Buffalo is the guest of Miss Ogilvie.

Mrs. Herbert Bissell has friends from Buffalo and Lockport stopping with her. Mrs. J. O. and the Misses Heward will join the summer visitors here next week. Her many friends will be glad to hear that Miss Edith Heward, who has been suffering from an attack of nervous prostration, is much better. She will probably join the rest of the family here next week.

The hop at the Queen's last Saturday was pleasant and well attended, but nearly everyone in the ball-room was from Buffalo. GALATEA.

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Social and Personal.

"A white muslin wedding," said the famous Beau Brummel, "is the proper thing for youth." And a white muslin wedding it was which took place at Peterboro' on the last day of June's leafy month. Miss Emma M. Cox, only daughter of Mr. Henry Cox of Armour Place, and Mr. Alfred Weir, son of Mr. Councillor Weir, were the bride and groom. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. J. Rae. Miss Cox's wedding frock was simply fashioned and trimmed with lace. She carried white roses. The bridesmaids, Miss W. A. Colling of Belleville and Miss Maggie Cox, cousin and sister of the bride, wore white muslin frocks, and added a touch of color by nosegays of pink roses. The groom gave each of them a souvenir gift of a ring of pearls and turquoise. Mr. Sydney Weir, the bridegroom's brother, was his best man. A *dejeuner* was served to about fifty guests, after which Mr. and Mrs. Weir left for an Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Pellatt, sr., have been for some weeks at their summer home in Orillia, where they were joined this week by Mrs. R. B. Hamilton. Mrs. Rogers is also with her parents in Orillia.

Mrs. Alfred Wright is visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. (Dr.) Watt of Niagara.

Mrs. Watts Lansing of Niagara spent a short visit with Mr. and Mrs. Francis Richardson this week. Mr. Lansing also attended the bowling tournament at the Island green. Mr. Lansing is an enthusiast in this sport.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Jones have gone to Murray Bay, where they will remain until September.

Mr. and Mrs. William Manson Rose are living at 677 Spadina avenue, where Mrs. Rose is at home on first and third Fridays.

Mr. W. J. McNally is spending a few weeks in Washington, D. C. and vicinity.

The Misses Fulton of Church street are home after a year's absence from Toronto.

Judge and Mrs. Jones of Brantford are spending the summer at Grimsby Park.

In the late examinations at the Toronto Conservatory of Music Miss Augusta Cooke passed with first-class honors in the second year piano-forte and first year theoretical departments. Miss Cooke was trained entirely at the Bishop Strachan School; in piano by Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, and in harmony by Miss M. L. McCarroll. She is scarcely sixteen, and has evidently a brilliant musical future. Her playing at the closing of the Bishop Strachan School and at a recital recently given there surprised and delighted the audience on both occasions.

The frightful accident which resulted in the temporary disfigurement of two beautiful girls, Miss Surveyor of Ottawa and Miss Hughes of Jarvis street, might have been much more serious, though indeed it was bad enough. The young ladies and Monsieur Quesnel were driving on Sunday afternoon when the horses bolted and overturned the carriage at the corner of Jarvis and Wellesley streets. Truly the horse is, as a clever writer said a few weeks ago, either an amiable idiot or a dangerous maniac, though, fortunately, he seldom affects the latter condition.

Miss Sara Nation, who is a very popular teacher, and whose specialty is the French language, has returned from her year's sojourn in Paris where she has been studying the intricacies of the language and perfecting herself in accent and in fluency of conversation. She will return to her duties in the Bishop Strachan School in September.

The directors of Grimsby Park have spared no pains to make the place this year, in regard to both intellectual and physical advantages, most attractive. A programme has been prepared which in every detail is most inviting, and the talent that has been procured is the very best obtainable. Lawn tennis courts, ball fields, quail grounds, etc., have been beautifully laid out, and are in much better condition than last year. The foliage of the trees is luxuriant, the flower gardens are in beautiful bloom, and the many and decorative applications of paint to the cottages and various buildings give the park a most pleasant appearance. Already quite a number of families have entered cottages. Among those residing on the grounds are: Prof. A. L. Langford, Mr. and Mrs. J. McKay, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Hamby, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Hamby, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wilkinson, Mrs. F. Sanderson, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. I. Woodland, Mr. and Mrs. H. Scott, Mrs. Symington, Mrs. and Miss Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Larkin, Mrs. E. F. Walker, Miss K. Reeve, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Irving, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Bosely, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Bowden, Rev. William Hay and Miss C. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McD. Hay, Mrs. Jarman, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dane, Mrs. Grynham, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Walker, Mr. James Dale, Mrs. Strachan, Mr. J. W. Sutherland and Miss M. H. Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. R. Coon, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Bishop, Mr. Harrington, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Boyle, Mrs. S. W. Hunter, Mrs. P. Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. W. Barber, Mr. D. Simpson, Mrs. W. C. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. C. Forfar, Mrs. A. Gibbons, Mr. E. Burden, and Mr. Edward Yeigh, all of Toronto.

There will be one handsome man spoiled if the director of the Conservatory of Music ventures another wiggle like the one he took last Saturday on a crowded street. The bicycle and the director seemed to be of two minds and the inevitable old fat lady blocked the way, of course.

Mrs. William Lount is visiting friends in London and elsewhere for a short time.

Mrs. R. S. Neville is spending a month with her sister in Ottawa.

The Hotel Hanlan, Hanlan's Point, is fast filling up. Among the latest arrivals may be found the following: Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie, Mr. Alexander Murray of Hamilton, Miss S. Hendrie of Detroit, Miss P. C. Hendrie of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Broughton of New York, Mr. E. H. Burnham, Mr. C. E.

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Quebec. Admiral and Mrs. Erskine are at Chateau Frontenac, as are also several of the officers. Mrs. Erskine is a tall, slight Du Maurier-looking woman, who affects a lorgnette and dresses beautifully. Mr. Harold Denison, son of the late Col. Fred Denison, is a middy on board the Crescent.

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THE PEDAGOGICAL CAREER OF ALICIA SAMPSON

BY

MARJORY MacTURCHY

South Banbury divides the educational year into two parts, in each of which one hundred and thirty pedagogical aspirants present themselves at the gray doors of its Normal School and take possession of the large square with which a paternal government has endowed the institution. In summer the grounds are gay with flowers, arranged geometrically in straight flower-beds; the grass, on which all straying, scholastic feet are forbidden to trespass, is smooth with much rolling and, among the drooping, green boughs of the semi-tropical trees, judged rare enough to merit a place in this schoolmaster's paradise, Minerva gleams white with uplifted spear, Triton disports himself on plaster-of-paris waves and Cupid transfixes the distance with his tiny arrow.

In winter all this is desolate; the boughs are bare, the snow-crowned statues a grim jest, and the students are fain to substitute for their frozen garden of the gods some small room in one of the respectable boarding-houses recommended by the faculty.

Fortunately, Alicia Sampson attended the South Banbury Normal School during the term which opens on the 15th of August, and her misty eyes received not a little comfort from the undimmed splendor of its unbragging surroundings.

In spite of the fact that her eyes were full of tears, Alicia was not uneasy about her approaching advent or subsequent career at the Normal School. The truth was that, although she possessed a particularly affectionate and generous disposition, Alicia had insisted on attending South Banbury Normal School against the wishes of her dearest friends. Consequently there was hardly that brightness on Alicia's mental horizon that was commonly the case. She herself said afterwards that had it not been for the resolution depicted on the countenance of the steadfast Minerva her pedagogical adventures might have ended then and there, which the Principal, faculty and students of the South Banbury Normal School unanimously agreed would have been a pity.

The significance of Alicia's career at the Normal School can hardly be understood until some characteristics of the South Banbury students have been examined. Coming from all parts of the country they bring with them a realization of their own importance, superinduced in some cases by natural tendencies, and in every case by having taught for three years with more or less success. Many of them after having won every possible honor in some distant country academy feel equal to proving their mental superiority to any product of a South Banbury Normal School. In permanent opposition to the overwhelming country element are the students who have received their previous education in South Banbury itself and have since taught in its public schools. They experience from these advantages the agreeable sensation of certain cosmopolitanism and, while deprecating any undue display of eagerness, are satisfied that whatever others may have attained to as the result of arduous toil is theirs by right of birth. Among the one hundred and thirty a very few having reached that eminence after repeated attempts are conscious of a certain mental inadequacy and look forward to the end of the term with a chastened hopefulness, not failing to add a sorrowful proviso in case of the hardness of examiners' hearts.

The South Banbury professors, having coped for many years with successive classes of students, all of whom had appeared as if none had ever come before them, and gone away again as if they left nothing for subsequent classes to do, know exactly what speed is necessary to cover the ground and do not scruple to magnify the difficulty and importance of the psychology of childhood, the history of education and the methods of teaching the various branches of learning required in the public schools of a new and flourishing country. They have many grim tales of what has occurred in past generations and portentous threats of what may be done to any refractory, Boetian class which fails in reaching the required standard. With these they horrify the students who are aware of the mediocrity of their mental equipment and spur the lazy, conceited and ambitious candidates until their zeal for learning that may be applied at an examination is beyond the computation of any ordinary imagination.

To afford ambition and intellectual exuberance some further definite object for which to work besides passing an examination the head of the great South Banbury educational system had for years given a gold medal to the candidate who is successful in obtaining the highest number of marks. No student would be surprised if he obtained the medal, at least half of them expect it, but in every class nine or ten can be selected with ease who mean to get the medal or injure something in the attempt.

Previous to the appearance of Alicia Sampson the distinction had been won in the large majority of instances by a young lady. This does not prove beyond dispute the mental superiority of woman. On the contrary it tends only to show that a woman will more nearly kill herself for anything she wants when she really wants it than a man. In fairness to the gentlemen it ought to be stated that they were greatly outnumbered, generally three to one. Also that in South Banbury at least the teaching profession is not so highly remunerated as to irresistibly attract battalions of young men who feel that they can do anything else. On the other hand teaching is one of the few ways in which a woman with pretensions to refinement can earn her own living and retain the thorough approval of her family and, being affectionate and singularly unhappy under disapproval, women adopt the teaching profession with alacrity. Consequently among the students at the South Banbury Normal School may be found a high average of clever women, but not such a high average of brilliant men, although there have been notable exceptions. After this careful explanation no one surely will feel hurt when it is recorded that the gentlemen were generally invisible anywhere near the head of the list in the half-yearly

results of the South Banbury Normal School.

An impression arose, however, shortly after the advent of the celebrated class of which Alicia Sampson was a member, that the medal would go to one of the thirty gentlemen who also formed part of that class. They had a representative, commonly known among the ladies as Goliath, who proudly brandished intellectual defiance on all possible occasions from the other side of the room. For in those days the strictest rules were as yet enforced in regard to all intercourse between the ladies and the gentlemen attending the South Banbury Normal School. Whatever may be the advantages of the modern system, infinitely more spice and variety was imparted to life by the conditions which have since passed away. Goliath's real name was Alexander McKnight. He was not of mighty stature, but his intellect was supposed to be enormous. At any rate, it was concealed from view by a tremendous brow crowned with a wave of hair that reminded Alicia of nothing so much as of one of those comb curls, which appear on the heads of infants about the fourth year, imparting an expression of extreme superiority to the youthful countenance.

For the credit of the female sex, it is to be hoped that under ordinary circumstances they would have perceived the justice of the gentlemen obtaining the highest honor possible in the South Banbury Normal School, say once in six years, but to such an height had prejudice and rivalry risen, that after the first three weeks, any woman who realized that she had the smallest sober chance of getting the medal, was willing that some other woman might get it so long as Goliath didn't.

Generosity had still a saving remnant and conspicuous in it was Alicia Sampson. Her brain was cool and slow-working, but she had acquired along with the foundations of a liberal education a constant affection for great aims rather than tangible present results. Alicia, unlike most of the students, formed no overpowering attachment for any of her companions, but was on friendly terms with them all, in which alas, she was also unlike other members of the class. Her views on many subjects, therefore, did not circulate with that freedom which characterized those of more communicative persons, but she was overheard stating to a young lady (herself a highly regarded aspirant for the medal) that she considered the system of exciting emulation by means of rewards as extremely artificial and dangerous. The young lady was astonished, but after an effort contrived to secure some idea of Alicia's standpoint and gratified them both by allowing that there was something in it.

She gratified herself because she took pride in being able to see anything from another's point of view, in which she succeeded to a much smaller degree than she had any idea of. She would have liked to outstep Goliath, and everyone else, and finish the term by winning the medal which to her mind, at that period in her life, seemed the essence of glory. Yet she wouldn't for worlds try only to fail, besides which she had a strong indisposition to exerting herself to the utmost of her ability. She was undeniably clever, but again not nearly so clever as she thought she was. However, being a brilliant young woman, she was affectionately known among the ladies as Little David, and was the object of Goliath's choicest displeasure.

In all this atmosphere of fever and hurry, Alicia found herself rather astray. But the work was really difficult, and being fond of work she applied herself to it with considerable enthusiasm, disguised from observation by her habitually tranquil manner.

After the elapse of a certain portion of the term, when the tutelary pedagogues considered that their charges had formed a reasonable acquaintance with the more conspicuous theories of education, they were allowed to try their resulting methods in the classes of a model school which was attached to the more advanced institution. The pupils of this school were, of course, natives of South Banbury and had all the self-reliance and arrogance which characterizes the children of such a metropolis. They were hardened to the semi-annual invasion from the Normal School and managed to vary its monotony as agreeably as possible by experimenting on the capabilities of their instructors. These advanced young heathens were past-masters in the art of disconcerting any over-confident person who appeared before them. Yet they had been known to remain miserably silent for half an hour in the presence of some distracted young woman who stood trembling before them, winking the tears back from her eyes and endeavoring to snatch furtive information from the copious notes she had concealed in her sleeve.

Owing to the strict alphabetical arrangements of the Normal School Alicia Sampson and the young lady known as Little David taught consecutive lessons in the same class. Little David's first attempt was an object lesson on tea, delivered before a large class of young ladies from ten to twelve years of age, who, it is to be presumed, had all seen, felt, smelt and tasted tea before. But their young instructor was most charming and indefatigable. She was greatly interested in her own success, and thoroughly conscious of all she was doing while she flitted about the class-room with an engaging smile, calling the little girls "dear" in an innocent voice until her entire audience was captivated, and Alicia, though somewhat preoccupied with the arithmetic lesson which fell to her lot immediately after, felt a generous admiration and liking for the bright young creature. The arithmetic lesson was slow and quiet like Alicia herself, but it was conducted with considerable dexterity, and she displayed an unexpected genius for detecting the members of the class who didn't understand anything of what was going on, of whom there are always a considerable number in an arithmetic lesson.

In the same small sub-section with Alicia and Little David were three other young ladies,

one of whom was of a highly lachrymal type, who served, however, to bring out the best side of Little David, and still further attach Alicia to her. Miss Niggins was of uncertain age and possessed no decided characteristics of any kind except in the matter of tears, which is a negative and depressing quality. It was her habit to whisper cautiously to the presiding teacher before each of her lessons that she was feeling quite ill that morning, and would this, please, be taken into consideration when her lesson was being marked. She conducted all the exercises in a faint voice, and came to a shocked and bewildered standstill whenever her hard-hearted young charges displayed the least tendency to misconduct. The amount of consolation and flattery which Little David administered to this unfortunate in order to stiffen her sufficiently to go through with a lesson was very great indeed, and had it not been for the undeviating rules of the South Banbury Normal School she would willingly have taught all Miss Niggins' lessons, and counted herself fortunate in escaping the sight of her woeful countenance in prospect of the criticism which is administered as soon as the class is dismissed. Miss Niggins' conduct at this operation made it assume such a tragic aspect that Little David herself was almost moved to tears. No sooner had the presiding teacher, armed with a note-book, announced Miss Niggins' lesson for criticism, than Miss Niggins folded her plump little arms on the desk in front of her, dropped her head on them and sobbing out, "don't mind me," in a choked voice, so remained until the interview was over. Little David sat casting distressful glances at her, quite oblivious of the fact that her own lesson had received more than one sarcastic qualification from the educational authority in question, and the sight of her hand ineffectually patting Miss Niggins' heaving shoulder made Alicia's eyes smart in an unaccustomed manner. Alicia was too shy to make any attempt at comforting Miss Niggins when she was actually in full flow of grief, but lest she should appear hard-hearted it may be mentioned that she was in the habit of spending an hour or more with Miss Niggins in her cold little bed-room on the night previous to these painful occasions, which was no small sacrifice considering that Alicia had a lesson to prepare on her own account.

As the term advanced there was a gradual accumulation of mental energy. The students had been informed early in the term that they were a most promising class, in the middle that a worse class had never entered the doors of the South Banbury Normal School, and now, just before the examinations, they were assured that no previous class had ever attained such a degree of excellence. All of which had the same galvanic effect on them as it had had on every one of their predecessors.

Alexander McKnight, otherwise known as Goliath, in actual contact with an examination paper was a sight never to be forgotten. He would arrive within three minutes to a second of the hour, bristling with note-book, pens, pencils, and other implements of educational warfare. After seating himself and arranging his impedimenta, he would remain staring gloomily at the distant white-washed ceiling, as if the presence of such a crowd of ideas in his mind were painful, as it no doubt was.

Goliath's pen wrote with a splutter and a squeak and seemed to require so much physical force to guide it across a page that idle candidates found themselves fascinated by its progress to the great detriment of their own pressing necessities. To watch his chin drop nearer to the paper as the hours proceeded, to mark the gradual extension of his legs on each side of the desk at which he was writing, to consider the way in which with hasty hands he deprived his hair of every vestige of its elaborate arrangement was to realize that his body was helpless in the grasp of his powerful mind, had not Little David maliciously suggested that a mind needing so much physical assistance must be singularly unequal to the required strain.

Little David herself wrote prettily with flushed cheeks and a great deal of earnestness, covering sheet after sheet in a large characteristic hand, of which she was rather proud, adorned by tails and twiggles enough to drive any examiner wild. Alicia's seat was near the back of the hall and as she was too much engaged to notice anyone else it is probable that she herself also escaped notice. Certainly she took very little part in the tumultuous rehearsals held immediately after every examination in the ladies' dressing room, where Little David and other favorites for the medal were surrounded and nearly torn to pieces by zealous admirers. Alicia, not being of an excitable temperament, was somewhat awed by the capacity of the feminine vocabulary displayed on these occasions. Gradually drifting to the wall, she would stand there in mild wonder while about her surged the turbulent candidates mingling shrieks of victory and congratulations with groans and tears of despair, while the voice of the many spared not to curse all and particular examiners root and branch, hip and thigh.

On the morning of the final examination Alicia was enabled to render her last service to the mournful Miss Niggins. Few occasions are so favorable for the display of emotional weakness as a well-conducted examination and Miss Niggins spared herself no sensation of woe which might be connected with one. For a week she had not gone to bed, seeking to abuse her gorged, little intellect with further supplies of indigestible information. The stillness of the examination hall and the solemnity of the presiding examiner terrified her almost out of her senses. She mourned over every paper sent in, with all the intensity of a never-before-experienced grief, still, each new morning she re-appeared, not smiling, but with a fresh pocket handkerchief.

The examination on the day previous had concluded with an extremely difficult paper on School Organization and Management. Miss Niggins had gone home wringing her nervous little hands, steeped in ink to the knuckles, and thrown herself on her bed, where she remained knocking her heels in the face of all who came to comfort her. A sympathetic student, after exhausting herself to no purpose, went for Alicia, who was known as a capable person, and, with the help of cold water, patience and some judicious severity, Alicia was

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enabled to convey Miss Niggins to the examination hall, intimidating her to such an extent, with a flash from her strong eyes that when they parted at the door, Miss Niggins' head had never been clearer in her life.

The closing of the South Banbury Normal School was a social function of no little importance. For it the faculty reserve the most eloquent sentences each of them has been able to formulate since the first lecture he had delivered. The audience, which is chiefly composed of friends of the students, is always large, while interest in the proceedings is ensured by an extremely skilful, if somewhat painful, device. No information concerning the results of the examination is allowed to escape until the Principal, with his most professional manner, reads the list of successful candidates from slips of white paper, which more than five score of eyes have been anxiously regarding for upwards of two hours and a half. It is secretly believed that those who have been plucked are warned in order that they may stay away the better to conceal their emotions if they so desire.

The toilettes displayed on this occasion were of the greatest brilliancy. Each of them had been the admiration of the school section from which it came, and they varied all the way from the sweet simplicity of billowy white muslin to spindly severity in black silk and gold watch chain. The atmosphere was agitated with that tremulous excitement by means of which the more unsophisticated female population indicate that they are participating in an occasion of some importance, while the constant waving of lace and ribbons, the flourishing of fans, and the tossing of elaborately curled heads testified that they considered themselves extremely fashionable and well dressed.

The programme, which appeared to extend indefinitely, differed but slightly from that which is provided on similar occasions all over the country. The large glee club of ladies and gentlemen encored themselves cheerfully with or without the smallest provocation on the part of the audience from the limited repertoire they had acquired during the term, under the direction of the musical professor, who smiles and bows around the corner of the piano, the top of which has been elevated to an astonishing extent by two muscular students. Dashing off a rattling air he evokes his pupils in endless marching and counter-marchings to and from the platform, watching the effect of the display on the audience, with his eyes in every part of the room. No occasion of this kind is complete without an elocutionist who brings the more emotional part of his audience near to fainting, only to rush the next moment to the extreme of comedy and quench all hope that the young lady in pink next but one to the door will ever regain self-control. She is carried out in company with a glass of water and a fan, and the audience breathes more freely. The young lady with the voice which might have been anything had it only been cultivated, warbles a love song which is not related in the remotest way to classical harmonies. The main feature of her performance is the surprising volume of sound produced on the high notes, and she acknowledges the rapturous applause, one hand fluttering to her bosom with the air of a desperately wicked actress. It pleases her and her audience to think so, but in reality she is the simplest creature in the world. Any institution so distinguished as the South Banbury Normal School can follow this by a speech from the celebrated graduate, frequently a minister, who remembers, with a throaty tremor in his voice, "when he, too, walked these halls." The glee club slowly unwind on their way to the platform to sing Auld Lang Syne, referring to a period of four months and a half with great demonstrations of emotion. Then the audience realizes with a nervous shiver that nothing further separates them from the information they had all come to receive.

Alicia Sampson was the only one of the students who seemed anxious. She was frowning slightly as if with perplexity, yet Alicia had never looked to better advantage than she did the night of the South Banbury closing. There was about her that fleeting and intangible charm which sometimes surprises you on the face of a woman, not possessed of any striking degree of beauty, in moments of great happiness. The light in her eyes and the sweetness of her mouth transfixed the gaze of

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those about her.

Little David sat beside her ready to petrify anyone audacious enough to offer her sympathy if, as she had begun to suspect, she had not won the medal. Experience had taught Little David before this that such distinctions belonged only to those who were willing to exert themselves to a painful extent and it was her misfortune to believe that almost nothing was worth such exertion. She enjoyed nevertheless pointing out to Alicia the wanness and pallor of Goliath's cheeks and indeed his general air as of a Siberian exile.

"A perfect wreck, my dear, but he'll be able to hang the medal on his watch-chain and doubtless feel a great man."

She revelled for a moment like a malicious butterfly over the gaudy dresses of some of her contemporaries, then with a note of interest in her voice, said quickly:

"I wonder who that is by the door?"

The man who had attracted her attention stood leaning against the door-post, one of the many who had found it impossible to get a seat. He wore a rough tweed suit which made the bulkiness of his frame more conspicuous and he was looking about the room with an air of good-natured amusement.

His appearance evidently pleased Little David, for though Alicia had made no answer she went on speaking of him.

"I don't suppose a man like that ever bothered himself about an examination in his life."

To which Alicia made reply with honest reluctance, clearly forced to the admission by a sense of duty.

"I know him, he's a friend of mine." At that moment the Principal came forward and with an air that tried hard to be merely gracious and not dramatic began to read the list of those who had passed. According to a long-established custom, those candidates who had simply obtained pass certificates were called up first, then those who had honors and finally, the winner of the medal. It will be easily seen that the honor candidates were left for ten painful minutes in uncertainty as to whether they had really obtained honors or had failed outright, a pleasing anxiety which was shared by their friends.

Little David's hand for one brief second caught Alicia's hand as with alphabetic precision the worthy gentleman went slowly down the list leaving out her name and Alicia's but including that of Alexander McKnight. A breath of astonishment passed over the room as the initiated saw Goliath assume the safe but inglorious position of a pass candidate. Poor



Goliath, he wasn't a strong brother, hard work had exhausted him and it was a dreadful disappointment. The sympathetic audience became aware that he had been painfully near fainting. Little David's heart was wrung with pity for him.

The man in the tweed suit was considerably excited. He gazed fixedly in their direction and Little David imagined that he was concerned about Goliath but instead of coming to his assistance he tore a leaf out of his note-book and wrote a few words hastily. The note after passing along a line of people came into Alicia's hands.

Her name was on the outside, and with a smile trembling on her lips she opened it. The writer had evidently been under some strong emotion which had overcome all difficulty of expression.

"You come right along with me, Alicia, it don't make no difference to me if you are plucked. Hang the South Banbury Normal School!"

Alicia knew afterwards that she could hope to be so happy very few times in her life as when she read that note. She smiled and nodded encouragement towards the door, but the writer of the note had his mind made up that Alicia, who never had proved unequal to anything before, had met with a misfortune and sent his whole soul out to her in consolation. Before her cheerful countenance could reassure him her name was called and the whole audience leaned forward to see the young lady who had won the medal. Little David gave a gasp of astonishment and then with genuine self-abhorrence exclaimed, "you absolute donkey, why didn't you guess?"

She believed afterwards that she always had known Alicia Sampson was the most remarkable person at South Banbury Normal School. But Little David, like the rest of us, was only too ready to accept the world's favorable opinion of herself, and the South Banbury world had assured her that no one was so clever as Little David.

There was no exultation on Alicia's face when she received the medal. I noticed she looked as if her mind were more than half made up to hand it back again. The Principal noticed this and meant to remonstrate with her gently when he congratulated her on winning the medal, as he meant to immediately after he had dismissed the distinguished visitors from the platform. But when he looked for her she was gone, though the whole Normal class looked, not a trace of her could be found, and no one had seen her going.

The Principal had retired to his study and was warming his overshoes thoughtfully at the fire, when someone knocked at the door. He said "Come in," and looked up with a smile, thinking it was Little David. She was a great favorite of his and he had sent for her to tell her how well she had done. Of course, Miss Sampson had been first, but Miss Sampson was an exceptional person, not to be disappointed at that. After all, the Principal was a simple man; it never entered his head that it would be no consolation to Little David to learn that she was not an exceptional person.

It was not Little David, however, but Alicia and a gentleman whom she introduced as Mr. Hamilton, with a touch of shyness in her manner which the Principal had not observed when she was teaching before him. While the gentlemen were shaking hands there was a second knock. This time it was Little David. She looked astonished when she saw who was there, and would have gone away had not Alicia hastened after her.

"I am so glad we have happened to meet here. I wanted to see you."

"Here is the medal, sir," she said, turning to the Principal. "I can't keep it, because I think it shouldn't be given. It seems to me only to do harm. But here is someone who deserves it as much as I do, and can take it, because she doesn't think about it as I do. Won't you take it, Mary?" laying her hand persuasively on Little David's shoulder and saying her name for the first time with a gentleness that seemed to ask forgiveness for the liberty.

"Certainly not," answered Little David, drawing herself up.

The Principal looked at the medal which Alicia had laid on his desk and then at the two young ladies who stood regarding each other unconscious of their surroundings. His benign countenance was overshadowed with perplexity. Mr. Hamilton, a large man in a tweed suit, breathed hard and was about to speak when a third knock sounded at the door.

Goliath, after having considered the situation and taken counsel with his friends, had come to the conclusion that a grave injustice had been done him. He felt it due to himself that he should inform the Principal of the result of his cogitations. With this intention predominant in his mind, he was well into the room and had said, "sir," in a severe tone of voice before he became aware that there was anyone else present.

There was a pause during which he stood speechless like a smoldering fire-cracker which delays its explosion, and a certain twinkle lighted in Little David's eye which at another time would have driven Goliath to madness. The Principal was on the point of suggesting to Mr. McKnight that he would be at liberty to receive him at ten the next morning when Mr. Hamilton, his countenance radiant with a solution of the difficulty, stepped forward and slapped Goliath on the shoulder.

"Now, sir, this is the person I recommend for the medal. Anyone can see he wants it badly. The medal is of no use to Miss Sampson, who is not to continue in the teaching profession, and if it would be of any service to him neither Miss Sampson nor I have any objection."

Goliath backed away from his would-be benefactor with astonishment and horror, evading the grasp of his powerful hand and finally when in the fulness of his sympathy and generosity Mr. Hamilton snatched the medal from the Principal's desk and pressed it upon him Goliath turned his back and fairly ran away.

The excited clatter of his feet had not died away in the empty corridors before Little David broke into peal after peal of ringing laughter which swept away the last vestige of her anger and disappointment and in which she was joined by Alicia and the Principal, and finally by Mr. Hamilton who was too humorous a soul to help himself though he shook his head, and exclaimed dogmatically that in his opinion

Goliath was the person who should have had the medal.

"With your permission, Miss Sampson, I shall keep the medal to remind me of one of the pleasantest experiences in my long life as a teacher."

He placed it with a careful hand on the mantel-piece beside the marble clock which had been presented to him by his pupils in his twenty-sixth year as a teacher.

"I shall see it always and remember you, Miss Sampson, and you too, my dear," turning to Little David, who had discarded the air of dignity so strange to her, and was amused in a girlish way with the turn events were taking.

Alicia nodded her complete satisfaction to Mr. Hamilton and held out her hand to the Principal.

"Good night, sir, you have been very kind and patient."

"Good night, good night," said the Principal, shaking hands with them all, and shutting the door reluctantly on anything so unusual and interesting in his life.

But the door knob turned while yet his hand was on it and Mr. Hamilton thrust in his head evidently in some happy embarrassment. "Excuse me, sir, I came back to say that Miss Sampson and I are to be married next week. Miss Sampson thought it was hardly necessary, but I preferred to tell you myself, sir."

"Thank you," cried the Principal, "it wasn't exactly necessary, as I had formed that opinion myself. I am very glad you told me."

"I consider Miss Sampson a very unusual person, sir."

"A most remarkable person," cried the Principal heartily, "you are to be congratulated."

"I am glad you think so," replied Mr. Hamilton with satisfaction, "though if you hadn't it would have made no difference to me. If you had not given Miss Sampson the medal, sir, even if you had plucked her, South Banbury Normal School would have suffered in my estimation, not Miss Sampson."

So saying he withdrew his head and shut the door, shutting out along with himself some smothered notes of happy laughter which anyone who had the pleasure of knowing her would have recognized as belonging to Alicia Sampson.

Toronto, July 2, 1896.

That Pale Face.

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He Seized His Chance.

Chicago Times-Herald.
When the Vanderbilts obtained control of the Union Pacific Railway, William H. made a trip in a special car over the branch line known as the Denver and South Park, which runs from the capital city to Leadville. This is the road of which O. H. Rothacker once wrote: "The Denver and South Park is a narrow gauge road except where the track is spread to a broad gauge."

While the Vanderbilt car carried a chef and a well-stocked larder, the magnate, soon after entering the South Park country, felt a longing for a glass of fresh milk, and when the train pulled into Como he sent his servant into the depot hotel to get the desired article. The servant returned accompanied by the hotel proprietor, Charley Benedict. The latter carried a glass of milk, refusing to allow any one but himself the honor of serving such a distinguished patron.

Vanderbilt quaffed the milk, pronounced it excellent and handed Benedict a \$5 gold piece. The hotel man said "Thanks" and started to make his exit.

"I say," called the railway king, "don't I get any change?"

"No, sir."

"How's that?"

"Well, you don't get any. That's how."

"Milk is pretty high out here, isn't it?"

"Yep."

"Do you charge everybody 85 for a glass of milk?"

"No; some only pay 5 cents."

"Why do you charge me more than others?"

"Because we fellows out here only get a chance at you once in a lifetime," and Benedict bowed himself out of the car.

Charlie Debroke—I suppose, Miss Roxy, that you are aware that for some time my heart has not been in my possession. Miss Roxy—Why, Mr. Debroke, I had no idea that you could borrow money on that.—Harlem Life.

Little Boy—Le's play keep house; I'll be paw, and you be the maw. Little Girl—All right; I'll swing in th' hammock, an' you cut th' grass.

NO. 11.

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She Young Baggie, I believe, takes his fences well? He—Yaas, splendidly; but it's a pity his horse doesn't take 'em at the same time.—Sydney Bulletin.

She—When I marry, I hope my husband will die young—I want to be a widow. He—How barbarous! How cruel! She—Oh, don't worry, it won't be your funeral.—Truth.

Wrangles—Well, Adam was a lucky man. Barker—In what particular way? Wrangles—He didn't have to prance around the garden like a blamed idiot, holding Eve on a hundred-dollar bike.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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Declining Population.

THAT life in North America has undergone a mighty change in the past quarter of a century has been several times argued in these columns. It has been the fashion to attribute the decline of rural population in Ontario to political causes, but it has been frequently argued by us that the change was inevitable and produced, for the most part, at least, by causes not affected by high or low tariffs. The perfection of agricultural machinery and the opening up of the North-West to settlement, these must be regarded as the two prime causes of the decline in rural population in this province. The phenomenon has also been observed in England and in Germany. In Germany, although thousands of people left for the United States, Canada or South Africa, it was shown in an article in this paper a few months ago that the cities there have grown more rapidly in the past ten years than those of the United States. The growth of the German cities was due to an influx of population from the rural districts, where manual labor was being displaced by modern machinery. If the figures were within reach I am sure it could be shown that throughout the New England States the same decline of rural population has been going on. New York State shows the new order of things as clearly as does Ontario. The following counties in that State have lost population, in the twenty-one years between 1870 and 1892, as given here:

County.	1870.	1892.
Chenango	49,000	37,000
Greene	31,832	31,141
Wayne	49,000	48,000
Tioga	30,900	29,900
Schoharie	27,800	26,800
Schuyler	19,000	16,800
Putnam	13,400	14,200
Livingston	18,300	17,900
Madison	42,500	42,200
Sullivan	34,000	31,800

There is a decline in Delaware county, and also in Oswego county, although the latter embraces the city of the same name, but the city, too, has declined. It had 70,000 inhabitants in 1870 and only 70,000 in 1892.

It follows then that the falling away of rural population is independent of tariff laws, because it not only has occurred in Canada and the United States, but in Germany and in Great Britain as well. If you go through a purely agricultural township in Ontario you will find that its farms are being cultivated with one-third less men than were employed on the same number of acres twenty years ago. The little corner stores do not do as much business as they once did, because they have fewer customers, and so some of the stores disappear. In the little villages the small industries have withered through the competition of greater ones in the towns and cities. This cannot be remedied for it is a re-formation. The twentieth century will be unlike any that went before, and in many ways life is preparing for that which is to come.

He Wouldn't Stand It.

As we wheeled up to the store in front of Long Branch on Dominion Day, we noticed a man carefully scratching a line in the dust, across the road, from fence to fence. Then he slowly paced off a distance, and a little farther down the road drew another and similar line. That done he turned to us, and we noticed a wild, savage gleam in his eye.

"See that tandem?" said he, pointing to a machine leaning against a post of the veranda; "That's mine. Weighs 'bout sixty pounds, geared to ninety-six. I pushed that wheel right out from the city without a stop. Never stopped at Nurse's even, an' me dry enough to have spat ten-cent pieces. Tired? Well, yes, kind of, but I tell you I've got strength enough left to wallop the stuffin' out of a certain guy I'm layin' for. You see it's this way. I arranged to call for a girl to go out for a ride on the tandem here—a good, long-legged, strong girl—and I gets spruced up an' dishes off to her place and—she's gone off ridin' with another fellow. Ge! I was mad. They said they'd gone to Long Branch, so I pushed this here double-barrelled ice-wagon straight out here, without stoppin' once. No, sir; never stopped once. You wouldn't think so to look at me, would you? Look here, gentlemen, I'll just tell you that I'm just as good a man as they put up in this much skin. Yes, sir, an' I'm just goin' to wait in front of this gate till they come out, if I wait a week. I've measured off fifty feet of road in front of the store here and I'm just goin' to take that fellow and start at this here line and wipe up that road from fence to fence right down to that there line so clean that people will be ashamed to walk across it with their boots on."

"Look here," he shouted to the storekeeper who had come to the door, "you had better get these here boxes an' truck in off the veranda. I shall find them in the way most likely."

A Problem.

Life.
"Tis said that Little Cupid
Sets the fires of Love aglow;
But how does Little Cupid
Scratch a match, I'd like to know?

SPORTING COMMENT

BIG things have happened during the past week. The Toronto Baseball Club has flitted to Albany and the Toronto Lacrosse Club has returned to amateur grounds. As regards the departure of the professional ball club it may be remarked that if it can make ends meet in Albany it will do something that has never been done before, for I believe that Albany has broken up every league in which it ever formed a link. The ball games here were never sufficiently advertised. Mr. Buckenberger seems to be a manager of more than usual skill but a very poor press agent. These men who manage professional baseball must realize that they are not dealing in sport pure and simple, but in a sort of open air entertainment. It will not do to issue cards at the opening of the season announcing home games on such-and-such dates. If a theater were to depend upon this sort of advertising it would run aground, for while the people would know that the theater would be open, they would not turn out in large numbers unless stirred up by the promise and probability of something that would suit them. I have had very little to say about the professional ball games. Sport, properly, is a recreation and not a profession, and these hired men may play as good ball as they like, but most of us would prefer to see very inferior local teams struggling to win a game. It will be a long time before Toronto again figures in the Eastern or any other league. There is a chance that a team could do well in a Canadian six-club league—Galt, Guelph, London, Hamilton, Brantford and Toronto. But it will be pretty hard for Charlie Maddock or any one else to gather a team at this time of the year strong enough to hold its own with Guelph and Galt.

The decision of the managers of the Toronto Lacrosse Club to restore the club to absolutely amateur grounds is not so praiseworthy as some would have us believe. The managers expected praise a month ago when they made a timid entrance into semi-professionalism; and they now expect praise because, having very easily taken fright at a few reverses, they have returned in a panic to the point where they were at the opening of the season. We all know well enough that if the semi-professionals had won at Cornwall, against the Montreals and Tecumsehs, they would have stuck to professionalism. That the club has returned to paths of strict virtue is due to the fact that the brief incursion into the domain of vice, did not pay. The team, although bolstered up with subsidized players, continued to be losers. What is wanted is a change of policy so that there shall not be every year disaffection among the players. Nearly all the best players in the Tecumsehs team are men who were allowed to drift away from Rosedale.

Unquestionably an amateur club is better than a hired group of players. Those who play the game for love of it and not for a living are the men who can draw crowds. As the two teams have stood of late the Tecumsehs have had a much greater social pull than the Torontos. This will not be the case hereafter, and if those who actually play are allowed to control the team, we may expect the Torontos to win more games than they have done for years.

The Toronto vs. All Toronto cricket match resulted, as I predicted that it would, in a victory for Toronto. The result possesses no value, because neither the Toronto eleven nor the All Toronto eleven was as strong as it might have been. Either Rosedale or Parkdale could have put up an eleven that would have played a better game than did the All Toronto eleven. Men picked up here and there make an uneven and uncertain team, and this has been so conclusively shown that it is certain there will not again be any such match as Toronto vs. All Toronto. The eleven that represented Toronto last Friday and Saturday, and defeated All Toronto by nine wickets, was decidedly a weaker eleven than that eleven of the same club defeated by Parkdale on the previous Saturday. My remarks of last week seem to have met with very general approval among the cricketers of the city, and so next year there will in all likelihood be arranged a game, through the medium of the Ontario Cricket Association, in which the players of Toronto, Rosedale and Parkdale will be fairly divided into opposing elevens.

The features of the game last Friday and Saturday were Mr. Laing's fine innings of 66 for Toronto, and Mr. W. H. Cooper's bowling for All Toronto. Both in batting and bowling Mr. Cooper has come forward this year, until now he is sure of a place on the international eleven.

Oxford in its game against Cambridge wanted twelve runs to save a follow on, and Cambridge resorted to the trick of bowling wide balls in order to give the necessary runs, so that there would not be a follow on, which would find their bowlers tired and their opponents fresh for batting. Cambridge is being severely censured. Had Oxford met trick with trick, her batsmen going out "hit wicket" in lunging at wides, would that have left the emergency?

A Toronto eleven left town Tuesday evening to play in Paris on Wednesday, London on Thursday, Chatham on Friday and Detroit on Monday. The following made up the party: E. G. Rykert (captain), J. M. Laing, P. C. Goldingham, W. E. Dean, W. E. McMurtry, A. D. Strathy, W. H. Cooper, L. Cosby, C. D. McDonnell, Casey Wood, J. C. Grace, A. B. Whitehead and B. W. Wright.

The Guelph Cricket Club is doing a good work for cricket this season. When centuries are of frequent occurrence it evidences good cricket, and Guelph enjoys the distinction of having permitted two opposing players to make the only two centuries made in Ontario this season. Mr. Walker of London, in playing against Guelph, made 101, not out, on June 17, and Mr. Lyon of Rosedale, in playing the same club ten days ago, also batted up into three figures. Speaking of centuries, I see that Rev. T. D. Phillips of Chicago made his first century the other day. He has been playing cricket for over forty years and never crossed the line before, and therefore the pride he feels may be

imagined. This is the beauty of cricket that a man may be a finer bat at fifty than he was at twenty-five. In most of the other games a man is thrown aside as a back number when he reaches thirty, while in cricket one can look forward to twenty years more of active play. Rev. T. D. Phillips is well known in Canada as a good cricketer, yet it is only after forty years' play that he has won the goal that all cricketers aim for. That it is possible to win at his age makes cricket the game suited to a lifetime.

The annual Regatta and At Home of the Toronto Canoe Club came off last Saturday afternoon and evening. In spite of the threatening weather there was a large attendance of the lady and gentlemen friends of the members, who of course turned out in large numbers. The races with supper and a dance following are one of the most attractive features of the summer and it takes pretty bad weather to effect the attendance. The water was rather lumpy but only two upsets resulted, and all the races except the lady and gentlemen's tandem were put through as on the card. In the open singles D. H. McDougall put up a great race pushing R. O. King hard for first place. A great deal of interest centered in the open tandem and the result was somewhat of a surprise to the spectators, Messrs. Murdoch Baillie and the Begg brothers coming in a good first and second. The open fours was as expected an easy victory for the crew composed of F. Baillie, R. O. King, D. H. McDougall and A. E. Bell. The handicap tandem which followed was one of the best events of the day in point of interest as twelve crews started and it was pretty nearly impossible to pick a probable winner. R. P. Dickson and F. Baillie came in a good first, John Williamson and D. H. McDougall second, a length ahead of the bunch. Third place was nearly a dead heat for six crews but D. J. Howell and A. E. Bell got it by a foot. The war canoe race between the Argonauts and T. C. C. was paddled in great form, the Argos' crew had a big advantage in weight, and the fact that their men were fresh while nearly all the T. C. C. men had been paddling all afternoon. However, it was a good race and the Argos won by a third of a length. The crab race, hurry scurry tournament, etc., were very amusing and wound up a first-class programme. Supper was served in the gymnasium, and the dancing which followed was thoroughly enjoyed. Mrs. George Wilkie, wife of the Commodore, presented the prizes. Following is the list of events and winners:

Senior singles—R. O. King 1, D. H. McDougall 2.
Novice singles—E. McNichol 1, H. Patterson 2.
Open tandem—F. Baillie and W. Murdoch 1, W. R. Begg and G. W. Begg 2.
Junior singles—G. W. Begg 1, E. McNichol 2.
Open fours—F. Baillie, R. O. King, D. McDougall and A. Bell 1, W. Murdoch, G. W. Begg, W. R. Begg, and H. Ford 2.
Handicap tandem—R. P. Dickson and F. Baillie 1, John Williamson and D. H. McDougall 2.
Handicap fours—R. P. Dickson, H. E. Wall, H. Patterson and F. Baillie 1.
Crab race—R. O. King 1, A. E. Bell 2.
Gunwale race—R. O. King 1, H. Ford 2.
Hurry-Scurry—R. O. King 1, M. F. Johnston 2.
Tournament—F. Baillie, M. F. Johnston.
Swimming race—D. H. McDougall.
War canoe—Argonaut Rowing Club.

The Civic Regatta on Dominion Day attracted a big crowd and was in every respect a big success. The preliminary heats in the morning weeded out a good many contestants among the oarsmen and as a result most of the finishes in the afternoon were very exciting. The event of the day was undoubtedly the senior single scull race. In this Bush Thompson of the Argonauts was a competitor, as well as Russell of the Torontos and Marsh of the Dons. Of course Thompson was a hot favorite, but he didn't win. Marsh pulled the race out with apparent ease in 7.44 against a strong wind on the home stretch. Thompson was second and Russell last. In the tandem canoes Baird and Bickerdike of the Lachine Club, Montreal, won a hotly-contested race in 5.02 2-5, Murdoch and Baillie of the Toronto Canoe Club, being second. Three other crew from the T. C. C. and one from the Island Aquatic also started, the T. C. C. boats being pretty well bunched for second. The canoe races were a new feature and were thoroughly enjoyed by the spectators especially the war canoe race which was captured by the Argonauts. If the Civic authorities know a good thing they will repeat this regatta next Dominion Day.

From Flesherston I have received particulars of a very novel bit of amusement indulged in on Dominion Day. No. 6 Company, 31st Battalion, has headquarters in the village and some of the officers conceived the idea of having a sham battle on a small scale. The thing was carried through with fine effect and many humorous incidents. A rebel leader was chosen and he organized a guerrilla army, which included a bunch of cavalry. No. 6 Company

represented the loyal forces, and were divided into infantry, artillery and dragoons—the dragoons numbering three. In the unfortunate absence of cannon the artillery consisted of stovepipes mounted on wagon wheels, and through the pipes the gunners discharged rifles loaded with blank cartridges. The dragoons wore cotton sashes, pasteboard caps, and carried wooden sabres. The wounded were cared for by an ambulance corp with the red cross of St. John conspicuous on their sleeves, and they seized men at frequent intervals and bore them off struggling to the hospital where a circular saw had been set up, so that the work of amputation could keep pace with the requirements of the day. There were cavalry charges and infantry charges, storming of rifle pits, forming of squares, drum beatings and trumpet soundings, and finally a complete crushing of the rebel forces and a formal handing over of swords by the rebel leaders. The village band in uniform, playing the British Grenadiers, headed a procession of all the belligerents through the village, and so the day ended. I am assured by my correspondent that the affair was a great success, and opens up great possibilities for amusement in other places next year, if the idea is seized upon and elaborated.

Hurried Meals.

London Daily Mail.

One of the worst causes of indigestion is insufficient mastication. We live in an age of nervous hurry, and have ceased to take sufficient time to eat decently. We rush through our meals as though everything depended upon the rapid disposition of our food. Dry foods which cannot be swallowed readily are washed down. This practice relieves the salivary glands of their proper work, and starchy indigestion is sooner or later likely to give us trouble. The efficiency of after-digestion depends largely upon the thoroughness with which the food is chewed and mixed with saliva. No amount of pepsin taken as a medicine will compensate for the lack of this. Therefore, I say, what has already been implied—thoroughly chew your food. This old admonition has been repeated so often that it has become a platitude, observed as often in the breach as in the fulfillment. Undoubtedly this is due to a lack of a proper sense of the importance of mastication and insalivation. Fresh bread, or any food which is apt to form into a doughy or gluey mass, is impervious to the digestive juices, and should be avoided. Breakfast foods and other starchy cereals should be well cooked, and vinegar pickle should be sparingly used, or salivary digestion will be impaired.

The thinner the gastric juice, the more rapid and efficient will be the digestion of meats, etc. It is good to drink plenty of water with our meals. Don't wash down the food with it. Swallow the food, and then drink as much water as you like. I wish to emphasize this, because I believe the prevailing notion is that little or no water should be drunk at our meals.

Famous Baths.

Mary Antoinette's bath, which was prescribed by her doctor, was a compound of aromatic herbs mixed with a handful of salt. She took it cold in summer and tepid in winter. Later on Madame Tallien had brought every morning to her house twenty pounds of strawberries and two pounds of raspberries, which were smashed in her bath of warm milk and water. Another preparation used by Eastern women is composed of barley, rice, thyme and marjoram boiled together, and then thrown into the water.

Ninon de l'Enclos took a bath every night in which salt, soda, and three pounds of honey were mixed with milk, all well beaten in tepid rain-water.

Fisher Was Having Fun.

Chicago Post.

"Did Fisher have a good time on his little outing?"
"Yes, indeed. I only saw him for a minute and had no time to ask any questions, but I could see that the skin was peeling off from his nose, his neck was so sore from the sunburns that he could not wear a collar, his hands were blistered so that he could hardly use them, and he complained that he had rowed the boat until his arms were so lame that he couldn't hold a pen. Oh, he must have had a magnificent time!"

In the Sanctum.

Truth.

"Gallagher!"
The office boy entered and stood before the great editor, awaiting his commands.
"Go down to the saloon in the basement and tell the foreign correspondents to hurry with their copy. I want to go home early to-night." The usual number of battles were described in the next morning's paper.

Consistent.



Bloomer Girl—Why don't you ride a wheel? You don't know what a pleasure it is. Bathing Girl—Oh! I wouldn't dare to. I think bloomers are so immodest.

His Dreadful Delemma.

For Saturday Night.



With moans
And groans
Weary Walker sits him down;
He, the saddest man in town—
Wishing half that he was dead,
And he fain a tear would shed;
Fain a great big tear would shed,
As he sits in the wood shed—
He would shed in the wood shed.

And why
To die,
And join the heavenly choir,
Does poor Walker have desires?
He's been told that to be fed
He must clear out the wood shed;
Split the wood in the wood shed,
So he fain a tear would shed—
He would shed in the wood shed.

—W. D. BURROUGHS.

A Serenade.

Truth.

When the stars are twinkling in the
Sky—(plink! plunk!)
And the evening breeze is ruffled to a
Sigh—(plink! plunk!)
I take my dulcet fiddle, and I seat me in the mid-
dle of the flower-beds that 'neath her window
lie—(plink! plunk!)
Flower-beds—(plink! plunk!)
'Neath her win—(plink! plunk!)
The flower-beds that 'neath her window lie—
(plink! plunk! plunk!)

Tuning over, I commence the sweetest
Thing—(skee! wee!)
Like a ravenous mosquito on the
Wing—(skee! wee!)
Higher, higher, till I aspire to reach the angel
choir, or Paganini on the slim E string—(skee!
wee!)
Rival Pag—(skee! wee!)
On the slim—(skee! wee!)
Rival Paganini on the slim E string—(skee! de-
de!)
Then with many a rush and scramble, I de-
scend—(br-r-um!)
To the melancholy G string's gruffest
End—(braum! braum!)
Till you'd think that every note spread the bull-
frog's lusty throat, where the pussy-willows
o'er the ripples bend—(braum! braum!)
Where the pussy-willows o'er the ripples bend—
(brau-au-um!)

But disaster overtakes me with a
Pop—(pop! pop!)
O'er broken strings I dare not try to
Hop—(pop! pop!)
Through the silence now profound, I hear a gentle
sound—'tis her voice: "Thank Heaven! Now
perhaps he'll stop." Drop! drop!
Tears and hopes—drop! drop!
Tears and fiddle—drop! drop!
Tears and hopes and fiddle altogether
Drop!

LOUISA H. BRUCE.

How to Convert the Cyclist.

London Truth.

One of our Bishops makes complaint that cyclists will not go to church:
They go for Sunday rides, he says, and leave their
shepherds in the lurch.
But if this truly be the case, and Sunday cycling is a
passion,
Why don't our clergymen attempt to cope with it in
Yankee fashion?

For in America, it seems, when cyclists go for Sun-
day "spins,"
An agile parson with them rides, and, when they
halt, his turn begins;
For, as in sylvan shades they sit, to rest, or, perhaps,
a tire to mend,
He gives them, from some telling text, a special
sermon he has penned.

An excellent idea this! Why not in England, too,
prepare
A corps of zealous athlete-priests ready to cycle any-
where?
Why not equip a curate-band to "wheel" away as
Sunday dawns,
And preach a fitting homily, between the sets, on
tennis lawns?

Nay, why should not some ardent soul, such as from
peril never shrinks,
Go forth and press the claim of truth on those who
golf on famous links?
Chiding the men who boast that they have been
right round in seventy-eight,
And bidding them a warning take from Ananias's
sad fate!

Then might our clergy find again the straying sheep
they'd lost so long,
And strengthen others' morals whilst they made their
own weak muscles strong;
And Bishops would not have to mourn, each time
the bells rang in the steeple,
That people did not seek the church—for then the
Church would seek the people!

The Age of Perfection.

St. James's Gazette.

O worshippers of womanhood,
No more old shibboleths repeat
(Youthful hyperboles and crude)
Their fulsome praise is now effete:
But with a measured rapture greet,
Nor indiscriminately strive
To prove all women young and sweet—
The Perfect Age is Thirty-five.
Time was you praised the maiden's snood,
The timid eye, the lingering feet,
In modest bashfulness that stood,
Where rivulet and river meet.
Now childish grace is obsolete:
Our modern appetite would thrive
On riper grain, maturer wheat—
The Perfect Age is Thirty-five.
Tall Helen wandering in the wood,
And gentle Hernia small and neat,
Young Rosalind in costume rude,
Girl Juliet in your winding sheet,
You all, alas! are incomplete.
Then pray that time may means contrive,
Your changeless youthfulness to cheat—
The Perfect Age is Thirty-five.
Then woman, sober and discreet,
(So men may choose you when they wive)
The moment seize—for time is fleet—
The Perfect Age is Thirty-five.

Aunt Thomasina.

By Mrs. Andrew Dean in The Sketch.

Last night, at a dance, Mr. Simpson pretended not to know me. I believe that he speaks of me in terms that would wither me if they reached my ears. I am afraid I treated him rather badly. In fact, my husband says there was no excuse for me, and he advises me not to tell the story. But my husband never lived with Aunt Thomasina.

Mr. Tredennis asked me to marry him five years ago, when I was eighteen and he was twenty-two. I said "Yes," at once. Most girls would say "Yes" to Peter. Of course, he had no money. I only had Aunt Thomasina, and we agreed that we could not live on her. So he went to India to carve out a career. He left me his photograph and a diamond ring, which Aunt Thomasina would not let me wear. She did not recognize our engagement, because Peter had no money. We were not even allowed to correspond.

For five years I had to live on a week of memories, a ring, and a photograph which grew rather faded and shabby as time went on. The memories suffered a little, too. But the worst thing happened to the ring—I lost it.

In spite of Aunt Thomasina's prohibition, I had got into the way of wearing it on occasions when I particularly wished to remember Peter and my promise to him. Until I lost it I always had it on when anyone made me an offer of marriage. Of course, I could not foresee exactly when an offer would be forthcoming; but as it happened, I watched its supporting sparkles when I went blackberrying with Capt. Agincourt, when I met Betty Marsden's brother at Hurlingham, and when I danced every dance with Sir Dennis East at the Duchess of Star's ball. I think that I must have dropped the ring in a blackberry bush, because, though I mentioned Capt. Agincourt first, in point of time he came just before Mr. Simpson.

On my twenty-third birthday, Aunt Thomasina said she could bear it no longer and that I should marry the first man who asked me. I felt sure that, if she said so, I should. Therefore I reviewed my admirers more carefully than usual. I had not exactly forgotten Peter, but I had outgrown him. I don't know how else to describe the change that had taken place in me. From eighteen to twenty-three is a long time, at least twice as long as from thirty-eight to forty-three, for instance. Peter, dear boy, had become too young for me. When I looked at his photograph, I felt ready to be an elder sister to him. But I knew that he had seven already. I used to tell myself that he had grown older, but I never believed it. My Peter was twenty-two and had rosy cheeks.

I rather liked Mr. Simpson before we were engaged. He was one of those chirpy little men who chatter about nothing and never hear what you say to them. I had so little to say to him that I thought this trait an advantage. Aunt Thomasina told him about my engagement to Peter. She called it a "childish entanglement," and Mr. Simpson professed himself quite satisfied. I tried to feel faithless and miserable, because I considered it due to Peter. But, as a matter of fact, I rather agreed with Aunt Thomasina, who said no one but a fool would feel bound to a man she had neither seen nor heard from for five mortal years. He had probably married years ago. Besides, I knew a great many young men of twenty-two, and when one of them proposed to me, I talked to him like a mother, and told him to wait another ten years.

Aunt Thomasina approved of Mr. Simpson, because he had a great deal of money. I had arrived at an age when money seems desirable, but it sometimes struck me that marriage with Mr. Simpson was a high price to pay for it. To be sure he did not look young, like poor Peter's photograph, but he often looked silly. At least, I thought so after we were engaged.

One day he rushed into the drawing-room and said that he must go to Scotland for a week, because the recent gale had played havoc with his newly planted trees.

"It's an ill wind that blows no one any good," said I.

"A week is a long time," said he, fidgeting from one foot to the other on the hearth-rug. "It soon goes," I sighed.

That night I looked at Peter's photograph, and wondered whether we should ever meet again. I pictured the meeting. It should take place at a great reception. He should recognize that he had come back too late, and his heart should ache at the sight of my incomparable beauty. Because I did think he might have written now and then, just to keep my heart up, in spite of Aunt Thomasina's prohibition. So I wanted his heart to ache. I wished my incomparable beauty had been a matter of fact. But what my imagination really boggled at was that tiresome little Mr. Simpson, who, under the circumstances, would be my husband. You can't invent a really effective sentimental situation with a man like Mr. Simpson in the foreground. Besides, Aunt Thomasina has brought me up in a very old-fashioned way, and I felt sure that I should not philander with anyone after marriage. That is partly why I did not look forward to it. As a girl, I have enjoyed many little episodes that do not concern Peter and Mr. Simpson. Captain Agincourt and I spent a very agreeable afternoon among the blackberry bushes.

While Mr. Simpson was in Scotland we telegraphed to each other every day. He had proposed writing, but I said that a correspondence by telegraph would be more of a joke. So he consented at once. The days flew, but each one helped to show me what I had half known before. I really could not marry Mr. Simpson. I knew he would not easily believe it, because he had said to Aunt Thomasina that I was a lucky girl. The memory of this remark served to keep my mind firm when it threatened to give way and pretend that it would be easier to marry Mr. Simpson than to throw him over. But I quaked when I thought of Aunt Thomasina.

The day it all happened she had gone out. I was waiting in the drawing-room for Mr. Simpson, who had telegraphed that he would arrive about four. I looked forward to a painful interview, because about two hours ago I had despatched his ring and an explanatory letter to his rooms. I hoped he would take it quietly, and look out for another lucky girl at once. But I did not feel at all quiet myself, and, while

At the Races.



Maud—Who's that gentleman in the check suit?
Clara—That's Straighttip, the book-maker.
Maud—Oh, do introduce him. I adore authors.

I waited. I had a great deal of very unpleasant imaginary conversation. This grew so harrowing that I began to think of myself as Mrs. Simpson with comparative relief, when the butler opened the door and announced someone. I did not catch the name, and, when I turned round, I did not know the man who came towards me. At least, I thought so.

"Lady Sandway is out," I began.
"Have you forgotten me, Monica?" said he.
Well, I had, and it was no wonder. I stared and stared, and could not believe my eyes. But I knew his manner, though this, too, had greatly changed.

"Five years is a long time," I murmured.
"Is it too long?" he asked hastily. "Am I too late?"

"Why did you never write?"
"Because you forbade it."
"Oh! What a reason!"

He stood there and looked at me, and I looked at him. Dear Peter! How glad I was to see him again! Every moment I recognized something I used to know, and every moment I discovered that the boy had grown into a man.
"I wish you had never left me your photograph," I said.

"Am I too late, Monica? Don't keep me in suspense."

Mr. Simpson came in before I could speak. I introduced the two men to each other, and rang for tea. Until it came we talked of the recent gale, and, when we were left to ourselves, I started subjects of burning interest, one on the top of another.

"This is new," said Peter, at length; "I don't remember that you used to be keen about politics."

"I am Member for Shrimpsington," said Mr. Simpson, as if that explained it.

I said that my interest in politics was entirely due to Aunt Thomasina, who could not go to sleep after dinner unless I read the debates to her.

"I'm told I ought to go in for politics, myself," said Peter.

I put down the sugar-basin, and looked at him.

"Are you going to stay in England?" I exclaimed.

"Yes. Didn't you know? Polruan is dead, poor chap. I'm his heir."

"I thought Evans announced a strange name," said I. "Are you Lord Polruan now, then? What a difference it will make to Aunt Thomasina!"

"Are you related to Lady Sandway?" asked Mr. Simpson.

"Not yet," said Peter. Then he turned to me.

"You'd rather live in England than India?" he asked.

"Certainly," I answered; "but I have always wished to see India."

"Well, that's not impossible," whispered Mr. Simpson. "What about a wedding journey there?"

"Shall we?" said I to Peter, with an appealing glance.

"Oh, if you like," he replied. He has confessed since that he thought me rather forward.

"What have you done with your ring?" said Mr. Simpson suddenly. The one he had given me was very valuable, and I supposed he had just missed it from my hand.

"I daresay you have lost it," said Peter good-naturedly; and I knew he referred to the one of little value he had given me five years ago. I felt quite pleased to be able to answer straightforwardly.

"I have," I said, addressing him; "I'm afraid I dropped it in a blackberry bush."

"Scissors!" said Mr. Simpson; "that ring cost two hundred pounds, and where do blackberry bushes grow in Bruton street?"

"Nonsense," said Peter, who by this time looked downright angry. He had very old-fashioned ideas, and did not like to hear a man use strong language in the presence of a lady. "The ring didn't cost twenty pounds. I wasn't worth two hundred when I bought it."

Mr. Simpson looked as if a new idea had just entered his head.

"Are you the 'childish entanglement'?" he enquired.

"Has that been your description of me, Monica?" said Peter.

I took my courage in my hands and turned to Mr. Simpson.

"I did not want to explain now—before Lord Polruan. I wrote to you this morning, and

said what I had to say. The letter is at your rooms."

"But where is the ring?" he cried.

"In the letter," I said.

"Do you mean that you want to jilt me? You—a girl without a penny!"

I knew he would not behave well. Perhaps I did not deserve much at his hands, but, at the same time, many men would not have said the things he tried to say—until Peter stopped him. He would not believe that I had written to him before I saw Peter, or even knew that he had come back from India with a title and a fortune. He asked me whether Aunt Thomasina knew of the letter I had written to him, and I had to confess that she did not.

"Lady Sandway will agree with me that your behavior is disgraceful," he said.

At that moment Lady Sandway entered the room. She went straight up to—Peter.

"My dear Lord Polruan," she cooed, "what a pleasure to see you again!"

"Do you know what has happened, Lady Sandway?" blurted out Mr. Simpson at once.

"Your niece has thrown me over."

"Really!" said Aunt Thomasina. "Then—"

Of course, she was a very worldly old lady, but I had never supposed her worldliness would stand me in such good stead. She threw off Mr. Simpson like an old glove, just as she had once thrown off poor Peter. But she admitted later that she never could abide Mr. Simpson's manners.

"I have just seen Lady Caroline Cadbury," she said, still standing, as if she expected Mr. Simpson to go at once.

"I shall propose to her to-night," he said savagely.

I suppose he did, because next day she wrote to tell Aunt Thomasina that she had accepted him, and hoped I would forgive her, as it was a case of an irresistible attachment on both sides. I did not see Aunt Thomasina's reply.

Peter maintains that I treated Mr. Simpson very badly. It is all very well; but, if I had married Mr. Simpson, what would have become of Peter?

What Waterloo Prevented.



BOOKS and magazine articles about Napoleon have been so numerous that most of our readers have tired of the great Frenchman. But there has recently been issued in Paris a reprint of a forgotten book, that will, we are sure, interest the reader. It is entitled, *The Apocryphal Napoleon: a History of the Conquest of the World and the Universal Monarchy*. It was written by Louis Geoffroy, a son of one of Napoleon's officers, and first published at the time of the return of Napoleon's body from St. Helena in 1841. It attracted little notice then, and was forgotten until the *Librairie Illustrée* of Paris discovered it not long ago and promptly re-issued it.

It is a strange book. Its writer was an ardent devotee of Napoleon, and has imagined his commander's career one of uninterrupted success and glory. From start to finish the book makes him the demi-god which his soldiers and many of their descendants believed him, not allowing his character a single flaw.

It begins with the Russian campaign, and from the battle of Moscow in 1812 to 1832, the date assigned by the author for Napoleon's death, the Emperor does not make a single mistake. His genius and his health show no weakness. He is always the victorious soldier, the indefatigable legislator, the conqueror of Austerlitz and Friedland. He is untroubled by the moral depression which caused him to attempt his life in 1814, or by the obesity and physical lethargy which are said to have hindered his movements at Waterloo.

The battle of Waterloo is wiped out. France is victorious everywhere.

The book first introduces us to Napoleon at Novgorod, where a great battle is fought between the French and their allies on the one side and the Russians, Swedes and English on the other. Napoleon is victorious, and enters St. Petersburg. Next he conquers Germany, Turkey, Austria, and Italy in the order named. An end to which all his efforts are now directed is the subjugation of England. With this in

view he determines to invade Spain and put an end to the struggle between his marshals and Wellington there. In the meantime, however, he liberates the Pope, restores to him a part of his temporal Sovereignty, and announces that by a secret treaty with the Emperor of Russia the Greek Church is to return to the Roman fold. In this way he greatly enhances his prestige with the Catholics of Spain. To drive the English from that country and seat his brother Joseph firmly on the throne is a task which he accomplishes with his usual celerity.

The time is then ripe for a decisive blow at England. Only two nations are really left in Europe—the French and the English. The latter must be wiped out. Napoleon prefaces the invasion by naming his newly-born son King of England.

Acting with incredible swiftness, Napoleon lands a great army on the English coast between Boston and Yarmouth. He has diverted English attention in another direction. A decisive battle is fought near Cambridge in which the English display great valor, but are crushed. England, with all its colonies, is annexed to the French Empire, and George III. is appointed Prince of Scotland and Ireland.

While passing through England Napoleon visits Louis XVIII., who is living in exile there, and offers him the sovereignty of England and Ireland, but it is coldly rejected.

So the march to universal monarchy goes on. Having subjected Europe, Napoleon next conquers Asia, then Africa, then Australia, and finally the two Americas. Kings become his prefects merely, but retain their titles. They come to take his orders daily, and meet in council at his command.

Eventually he crowns himself Emperor of the World. The Catholic religion becomes the sole faith of the universe. The Mahomedans are extinguished, and the Jews are all sent by Napoleon to the island of Cyprus.

The universal monarch is shown as wise and beneficent beyond any other sovereign that ever reigned. The result of his omnipotence is that there are no more wars, no more national questions, no more religious questions, no custom houses, no more boundary disputes. There are no socialists, everyone is satisfied with the form of government, and the last republican on earth, feeling lonely, kills himself at Napoleon's feet.

The canals of Panama and Suez are cut by Napoleon's army, and, of course, there is no Napoleon scandal. The railways, steamboats, telegraphs and other means of communication which cover the globe are in the hands of the state, otherwise Napoleon.

Science makes prodigious strides. Three French physicians discover the secret of life and death. Great highways are built all over the world. Cities are beautiful and made wholesome. Napoleon, leaving many heirs, dies in his sixty-second year, possessed of all his faculties and universally mourned. What happens to the world after this the book does not attempt to say or foreshadow.

It is a Frenchman's idea of what might have happened had there been no Waterloo, and had Napoleon retained his health and vigor and lived beyond the date at which he actually died.

Hot Weather Dress Suits.

A correspondent writes to the *New York Sun* suggesting the invention of a summer dress suit. For five or six months of the year, he says, the weather is warm enough to make the ordinary dress suit of cloth too heavy and uncomfortable. The Tuxedo coat, or dinner jacket, is a step in the right direction, being a decided improvement over the claw-hammer. But he thinks that even it is too heavy when to it must be added a waistcoat and a stiff shirt-front with a high collar. His idea of a sensible and cheap summer dress suit is this: "Let the trousers be of black serge of light weight, with coat of same material (Tuxedo shape), silk roll collar or not, according to taste; waistcoat low, of black or white, to be worn with stiff or plaited bosom shirt, and either standing or turned-down collar. On informal occasions and for general evening wear, the waistcoat might be discarded, and a plaited bosom white shirt, with a black or white belt, be worn; collar turned-down or standing, as the wearer might choose, as many men cannot wear a standing collar in the summer time. In the matter of shoes, either patent-leathers, dark tans, or canvas could be worn, with patent-leather for formal affairs."

The World Moving Backward.

SIR KELVIN (Sir William Thomson), one of the greatest living authorities in physical science, stated not long ago that the physical processes of nature are reversible, and that as all of them, no matter how complex they might appear to the human senses, consist in reality in the motions of invisible molecules, if some power could all at once cause each molecule to move in exactly the opposite direction with the same velocity that it possessed at the moment, all the world would begin and continue to move backward; waterfalls would flow up the sides of cliffs; rivers would run upward from the sea; rain would rise; full-blown flowers would shrink into buds, and plants dwindle into seedlings; man himself would become young again, passing from old age to infancy. This topsy-turvy sort of a world will, of course never be realized, but we may behold an exact picture of it by simply running the kinetoscope backward. Some of the wonderful things thus observed were described recently in a lecture before the French Academy of Sciences by Prof. G. Queroult. They are thus set forth in a notice which we quote from the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*:

"During some of his experiments he hit upon the idea to turn around photographic records and also the series of pictures seen through the kinetoscope. Having photographed a plant at regular intervals and shown in the kinetoscope the growth, the development of the stem, leaves, buds, flowers, and fruit, the same consequence of photographic pictures reversed was presented to the eye of the astonished academicians, who wondered at the fruit turning into flowers, flowers into buds, buds drawing back into themselves and disappearing, the leaves closing, getting smaller and disappearing, the stem getting shorter and shorter, until the earth closes over it."

"The most incredible things are developed before the eyes of the spectator, if a most ordinary series of such pictures is reversed. A drinker takes up an empty glass and replaces it full upon the table; a smoker sees the stump of a cigar flying at him from the floor, takes it to his mouth and sees the smoke originate in the room, draws it into his mouth and into his cigar, which is gradually lengthened and finally replaced in the pocket. A wrestler, who has probably thrown away his garments, is recovered with them by their, so to speak, walking up on him into their places, while he himself performs motions of which we can understand nothing, because we never saw these most ordinary motions performed backward; a man, for instance, seated at a table before an empty plate, works hard taking bite after bite from his mouth, until the chicken is whole again on the dish before him, and the side-dishes are also returned full to their respective places. In order to fully enjoy an exhibition of the kinetoscope, such an exhibition should be completed by arranging alongside of each other the same scenes in regular order in one machine and reversed in another. It would be advisable, however, to inform the spectators previous to their looking at such a reversed series of pictures, for otherwise they might think themselves the victim of a dream, a hallucination, or something worse."

The Price of Peace.

London Mail.

The incomprehensible sum of £140,000,000 is annually offered as a tribute to enduring tranquillity among the European countries. It costs that to maintain peace, and the figures are continually swelling.

The largest fund expended yearly by any country on behalf of its army is that of Russia, the latest military budget of which amounted to £12,500,000. This fund went to support, in a maze of organization and Government, the monstrous army of 3,077,000, which serves as a nucleus for the more gigantic force of 12,918,000 in time of trouble.

The Germans come next with their expenditure, that their army of 844,734 may be ready for emergency, when the force can be increased to 3,700,000. France expends £24,500,000 to keep 524,708 men in training ready to be augmented into a force of 2,930,000. The cost of Great Britain's army is but £17,500,000, which is an economical sum, considering that at home and abroad we have on our pay-rolls a force of 85,421. Spain maintains an army of 95,000 at a cost of £3,000,000 per year, although since the start of the war in Cuba that sum has more than doubled.

The Guardian's Joke.

The following joke is going all over the United States and is credited to the *Toronto Christian Guardian*. Whether the editor of the *Guardian* should spend his time making such jokes as this will probably be discussed at the next Methodist Conference. Here it is: An Irishman and a Frenchman were disputing over the nationality of a friend of theirs. "I say," said the Frenchman, "that if he was born in France he is a Frenchman." "Begorra," said Pat, "if a cat should have kittens in the oven would you call them biscuits?"

Ella—I heard something mean about you today. Stella—I thought you looked pleased.—*Town Topics*.

"Jones has peculiar religious ideas, hasn't he?" "I should say so; he says it's stealing to take another man's umbrella!"

"She dresses very modestly." "Yes, she is always careful to draw the curtain, I have heard her say."—*Detroit Tribune*.

Brown—Confound it! There's that mosquito again. Smith—Well, don't slap your face like that. He'll take it for an encore.—*Puck*.

Mother (impatiently)—I don't know what will ever become of that child. Nothing pleases him. Father (serenely)—We'll make an art critic out of him.—*Puck*.

Hoax—What! You buying a bicycle? I thought you detested them. Joak—So I do, but I've been run over long enough. Now I'm going to have my revenge.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Miss Scraggs—Yes, once when I was out alone on a dark night, I saw a man, and, oh! my goodness, how I ran! Little Willie—And did you catch him, Miss Scraggs?—*Household Words*.

Within a hammock snug they sat, But how the two behaved One could not tell, it was so dark, Had it not been for the remark, "O George you must get shaved!"

He—So you visited Pompeii? She—Oh, yes. "How did you like it?" "Well, I must say I was awfully disappointed in the place. Of course, it was beautifully located and all that, but it was so dreadfully out of repair."—*Washington Star*.

Tramp—Wot a beautiful baby that is, miss. Your little sister, ain't it? Looks just like you, Mrs. Gulling—No, that's my little daughter. Poor man. You look as if you had walked a long way. Do you take sugar and milk in your tea?—*Cleveland Leader*.

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Anecdotal.

The late Earl of Portarlington was always
 forgetting the names of people whom he had
 met. Once, on receiving a gracious nod from
 Queen Victoria at a Marlborough House
 garden-party, accompanied by a few words of
 kindly inquiry after his health, he replied:
 "You are very kind, madam; your face seems
 strangely familiar to me, but for the life of me
 I can not remember your name."

On one occasion the late John Stetson went
 to New York. At that time the L roads did
 not run on Sunday. Stetson took a walk with
 Jack Haverly on this day, and was disgruntled
 because he could not take a ride on the road.
 Happening to see the letters "M. E. R. R.,"
 which stood for Metropolitan Elevated R. R.,
 Haverly asked John what they meant.
 "Blessed if I know," replied John; "Methodist
 Episcopal R. R., I guess."

Not long ago, Professor John Stuart Blackie
 paid a visit to the sanctum of an Edinburgh
 publisher, and mentioned that he had lectured
 the previous night on Scottish Home Rule. "I
 am astonished," said the publisher, "at your
 fondness for making an exhibition of yourself."
 Professor Blackie, without another word,
 turned on his heel and went away, slam-
 ming the door. Presently he came back, thrust
 in his head and said: "Do you know, that's
 just what my wife tells me."

Here is a story of President Lincoln's first
 encounter with that strange character Governor
 Tod of Ohio. The President was interested in
 the Governor's name and said: "I never
 could understand how you come to spell your
 name with only one d. Now, I married a Todd,
 and she spells her name with two d's, and I
 believe she knows how to spell. What is your
 authority for using only one?" "Well,"
 drawled Governor Tod, "my authority for it is
 in part the fact that God spells His name with
 only one d, and it seems I should be satisfied if
 He is."

One of Newfoundland's earlier chief justices
 was a delightful person, by name Tremlett, re-
 nowned for his rough, unvarnished honesty.
 In 1802 he was made a subject of formal com-
 plaint to the governor, Admiral Duckworth.
 The latter had to bring the complaints officially
 to his notice. And this was the formal reply
 handed to the admiral: "To the first charge,
 Your Excellency, I answer that it is a lie. To
 the second charge I say that it is a d—d lie.
 And to the third I say that it is a d—d infernal
 lie. Your Excellency's obedient servant,
 THOMAS TREMLETT."

It is said that one day a stranger, approach-
 ing the late John Boyle O'Reilly from behind,
 mistook him for a friend whom he had not
 seen for some time. In his enthusiasm he
 stepped up, slapped his supposed friend on the
 shoulder and greeted him with some particu-
 larly hearty expression. Many men in O'Reilly's
 position would have felt at least a momentary
 annoyance. Not so with the poet. Turning
 about, he stretched out his hand. "I'm not
 Jack," he said, "but I'm glad to shake hands
 with any man who is as glad to see an old
 friend as you seem to be."

During an after-dinner conversation, partici-
 pated in by the following men of their time,
 Prof. Wilson ("Christopher North"), James
 Hogg ("The Ettrick Shepherd"), Sir Walter
 Scott, his son-in-law Lockhart, and Mr. Dunlop
 (a gentleman well known for his temperance
 enthusiasm, the subject of the morality of
 illicit distillation came up for discussion. All
 but Mr. Dunlop gave their opinions in such a
 way that he assumed they amounted to this:
 That whisky so made, being so good and in-
 spiring, entitled its manufacturer to a certain
 degree of leniency in public opinion. Rising in
 an excited manner, Mr. Dunlop loudly ex-
 claimed: "Any one who engages in illicit
 distillation, or participates in its product, has
 no conscience!" On which Prof. Wilson rose
 and replied: "I beg your pardon, Mr. Dunlop,
 your anathema is altogether out of place, be-
 cause I hold that conscience is the small still
 voice;" and "Ay, Professor," chimed in Lock-
 hart—"the worm which never dies."

One evening Sir Arthur Sullivan went to see
 Rubinstein at his hotel in London. The Rus-

sian composer asked his visitor to step out on
 the balcony and smoke a cigarette. They sat
 down, twisted their cigarettes, and puffed the
 blue clouds into the air. After a long pause
 Sullivan observed, "You are a great admirer
 of Beethoven, I presume?" "Yes," answered
 Rubinstein. "And Wagner?" "No," was the
 reply. That was all. Not another word was
 spoken. They rocked themselves in their chairs
 and smoked away. After a long while, Sulli-
 van remarked, "I think it is time for me to be
 going." "Don't say so," said Rubinstein.
 "Stay a bit longer, it is so nice to talk to you."
 Sullivan remained, went on rocking himself
 and smoking into the small hours, when he at
 length got up and said, "I must really be off
 now; I think we have chatted long enough."
 Rubinstein drew out his watch and shook his
 head in blank astonishment. "Half-past two!"
 he said. "Strange how quickly time flies in
 pleasant company."

Between You and Me.

HERE is one thing we never see in
 Toronto which one sees down East,
 the entry of a man-o'-war into the
 harbor. How saucy is her smart
 array of tiny flags, and how the
 strains of her rattling band come
 lilting in broken snatches of gay and promising
 melody over the ripple of green waters. "Ta-
 ra," they laugh; "turn out and see me; I am
 bringing a new flavor into your lives, a new
 feature to your streets. See my snowy decks
 and my cruel big guns. Catch on to the smart
 Jack Tars, will you? To the snug fit of their
 breeches at the knee, and the width of the
 spring over their bare feet. See my Admiral
 and all his host; see the blessed Mids with
 their trim caps and coats and natty breeches.
 See how I cut the water! Tara-tara!" The
 picture of pride and impudence is the man-o'-
 war, as she advances with blare of cornet and
 beat of drum. And every man-jack and woman-
 jane of us runs to watch her, the spit-fire! And
 the man-o'-peace gives his tobacco a turn, and
 hitches up his home-made jeans, and shrugs
 his shoulders at the gay sea dogs on the man-
 o'-war. Presently they will come ashore, pack-
 ing the wherries to the water's edge, with a
 month's pay in their pockets and many a queer
 devilment in their hearts. And before their
 short leave is up, their month's pay will be in
 other pockets and only a wild splitting head-
 ache and a parched mouth left to them! Of
 such is the sailor kind.

Hating all manner of war and strife, I am not
 in love with the great guns which boom out
 a royal salute for Dominion Day, and make one
 hundred echoes along the high lands about the
 anchorage. I squall before each gun bangs off,
 and defend my promptness by remarking that
 if I don't squall first I shall not be heard, and
 effort will be wasted. And the quarter-
 master grins like a knowing old salt, and
 tells awful taradiddles to test my credu-
 lity, between the squalls and the bangs.

Up on the cliffs sits the Chateau, where our
 great railway has provided for us that boon
 to travelers, an utterly delightful hostelry.
 When I got to the Chateau, travel-worn and
 cranky, and was, after an interlude of fault-
 finding, domiciled in a charming room, I said
 a small thanksgiving to the See-pee-ah. The last
 time I was in Quebec there was no Chateau, I
 put up at a hotel of "sainted" memory, with
 queer ugly rooms and small-paned windows.
 In the night-time a rain and wind storm blew
 in one sash and drenched my open valise. The
 subsequent blanket parade and carpentering,
 the array of wet garments spread about on
 chairs, the sore throat and snuffles next day
 are in my memory for evermore. I thought of
 them many times with a grin during several
 happy days at the Chateau last week.

The bicycle Meets was on then, and the west-
 ern contingent which saved it from utter
 collapse was on too—with its burlesque band
 and songs, its wee Mascot, Rustus, and his Jacob,
 Snowball. Then the knowing ones bet not on
 men, but on wheels, for the odor of trade has
 dulled the fragrance of pure sport, and you and
 I are so rampantly crazy over our own pet
 bicycle that the man we admire counts less than
 the bicycle we adore. And we shout for the
 brown Frenchman with the eyeglasses who
 rides our wheel, and go dead back on the
 western contingent who ride wheels of other
 colors. And when he wins we clap, and cry his
 name aloud in a way to silence Bala's prophets,
 and the French people smile silently, and we
 gaze about at them in great amazement. They
 are like champagne of yesterday, so flat, these
 French people, who should be rending the air
 with their *vieus*.

One recalls in a dazed sort of trance the scene
 on a race-course in France: the clear shouts,
 growing into a babel, the embraces, the excla-
 mations, the clapping of hands, the skied hats
 and waving handkerchiefs. Here, there is sil-
 ence, the people stare and laugh at our enthu-
 siasm, we crawl into our shells and subside.
 As for me, I go solemnly off and pay a visit to
 Her Excellency, in whose august presence the
 sad seriousness affected by the crowd is the
 proper demeanour to be observed. Then hav-
 ing come back, I scold my neighbors a little.
 "Are you quite dead, you Frenchmen?" I say
 hastily. "Why don't you cheer when your
 boy wins? What is wrong with you?" And
 they shrug their shoulders, and that is all!

Did you read about the hill-climbing contest
 the next day, when again one had to become
 hoarse cheering one's pet wheel to victory? The
 hill up which the unhappy mortals had to drive
 their bicycles, is the most atrocious, winding,
 cobble-paved ascent you can imagine, yet
 how those Frenchmen came swarming up!
 Pale as ashes, one by one, they topped the
 crest and dashed into the court of the Chateau.
 "Who was first?" is the cry. Oh, no—"What
 wheel won?" and when the ones who could see
 shouted its make, there was nothing left for
 me to do but fall out of the window with
 exultation.

Have you been to the Falls of Montmorency?
 Such a beautiful ride of eight miles out of Que-
 bec—a road that gently climbs and climbs, till
 one recalls the Wicklow Mountains and has a
 backache and a headache. A half-way house,
 where lager is brewed, and where one will find

A Clean Sweep.



Mrs. Manhattan—So your cook left you?
 Mrs. Sadone—Yes, and I'm about all she did leave.

a sweet little Frenchwoman, who will pour one
 icy lager, and again, and yet again, and merrily
 laugh at compensation. And then more climb,
 and the Montmorency Park, to enter which
 costs a quarter. And a little ride on a grave-
 leaved walk, and then the tumbling, dashing
 golden water of La Chute. As to the ride home,
 it is simply a glorified coast down-hill, an
 elongated rapture of motion. We did it in half
 an hour.

Coronation Humors.

James Payn in London News.

Of the Moscow pageant we have read many
 things tragic and magnificent, but not a word
 of mirth. Walpole relates a humorous inci-
 dent in connection with an English coronation.
 His mother's milliner said she had a petition to
 present to him.

"What is it, Mrs. Burton?"
 "It is on behalf of two orphans."

Walpole began (or says he began) to feel for
 his purse. "What can I do for them, Mrs.
 Burton?"

"Only if your Honor would be so compas-
 sionate as to get them two tickets for the cor-
 onation."

"Did you ever hear a more melancholy
 case?" is Walpole's comment. Some of
 the peeresses were so proud of their
 robes that they exhibited themselves to
 everybody they knew—and even whom their
 servants knew—for days beforehand, just as
 ladies nowadays give notice to their friends
 that they are "on view" after the Drawing-
 Rooms. The last touches were sometimes
 administered in the Painted Chamber. It was
 here that Lord B. put rouge upon his wife and
 the Duchess of Bedford. The latter, if we are
 to believe her friend the Duchess of Queens-
 berry, "looked like an orange peach, half red
 and half yellow." The King, we are told, was
 disturbed in his mind because such few pre-
 cedents were kept for the proceedings. "Lord
 Effingham owned that the Earl Marshal's office
 had been neglected, "but he had taken such
 pains for the future that the next coronation
 would be regulated in the most exact order
 imaginable." The best thing that is recorded
 of the pageant was the remark made by George
 Selwyn to Lady Harrington. She was bedizened
 with diamonds and jewels, and looked like a
 stage queen of indifferent character, and she
 bitterly complained to Selwyn that she was to
 walk with Lady Portsmouth, who would have
 a wig and a stick. "Never mind," he said,
 "you will only look as if you were taken up by
 the constable." This she repeated everywhere,
 under the impression the reflection was on
 Lady Portsmouth.

The Social Effect of Cycling.

The social effect of bicycling is considered in
 a serious paper in the London *Spectator*, which
 points out the fact that the new means of loco-
 motion is bringing about radical changes in
 country life. Formerly the country was a place
 of seclusion, and the isolation of the life was
 conducive to reflection and rest. But now a
 neighbor five miles away can be reached in half
 an hour without the bother of ordering out a
 carriage, and what women would read or meditate
 when she can reach a jolly circle of friends
 at that time? The constant habit of the bicycle
 dissipates the mind, just as a constant immer-
 sion in society does, and for the same reason—
 it renders reflection less frequent and less en-
 joyable. Let those who doubt that this effect
 will be produced in the country note the curious
 meeting the cycle is causing in the habit of
 meeting at lunch, and indeed in the substi-
 tution of lunch for dinner. You can not bicycle
 back on a dark night with your wife or sister
 in full dress; but you can lunch at two o'clock,
 and cycle back in the cool of the evening with
 great enjoyment and no danger. "Cycling,"
 this authority declares, "will increase the
 scattering and movability of country
 society, to the increase of its pleasures and the
 loss of much of its steadfastness and quiet."

The Violinist to the King of Belgium.

F. Jehin-Prune, Violinist to His Majesty the
 King of Belgium, has selected and purchased a
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 logical studies must consist of at least six
 lines of original matter, including several capital
 letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order,
 unless under unusual circumstances. Correspond-
 ents need not take up their own and the Editor's
 time by writing reminders and requests for haste.
 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied.
 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enco-
 sures unless accompanied by coupons are not
 studied.

MARK.—Your writing is plainly a disguised and
 distorted hand. In its natural condition it has very
 fine characteristics, but you must not expect me to
 interpret the foolishness of disguise.

MIGNON.—I. Of course I am "pleasant and good,"
 you dear soul! And so, I am quite sure, are you. 2.
 Your writing needs time but has fine traits. It shows
 care and thought, a mirthful and cheerful disposi-
 tion, taste for social intercourse, very little logic,
 conscientious effort, and an even and sweet temper.

CULLY MORTIMER.—This is an abrupt and sensible
 person, off hand, blunt, and of excellent practical
 ability. The impulses are erratic and need control.
 I think time will help them. There is good energy
 and some enterprise shown. The writer should be
 quite a stirring personality, who will stick to a point
 pretty firmly.

E. F. C.—I. Because copied matter lacks freedom;
 one recites in a more or less artificial voice, just as one
 follows copy in a more or less formal handwriting.
 2. Your writing shows good force, some immaturity,
 a fine and generous nature, frank and courageous,
 rather self-assertive, careful of details, and very
 anxious to do perfectly what you undertake; will is
 strong; a promising study.

TEDDY PAN.—I. If you would curtail the length of
 your loops and shorten your final lines the writing
 would be fair for office work. It is clear and read-
 able. 2. It shows some impressionableness, gentle
 and gracious nature; fond of harmonious and pretty
 surroundings, discreet and slightly ambitious to rise.
 You need concentration and discipline, being apt to
 wool-gather. On the whole a pleasing person.

MAIL.—I. Your compliments quite overpowered me.
 Thanks for your kind opinion. I am afraid you are
 a bit of an idealist! 2. Your writing shows a refined
 and original nature, some affection, conscientious
 effort, not very strong logical powers, discreet and
 careful method. Your taste for art and kindred sub-
 jects needs development, and your decision needs
 strengthening. The study is gentle and amenable
 rather than forceful. I hope you will be a regular
 correspondent.

LAFF.—See answer to E. F. C. Your two studies
 of your mature and school-girl writing, are exceed-
 ingly interesting; you have indeed changed, but not
 remarkably. Temper is chastened and taste de-
 veloped; here and there are traces in both of vain effort,
 needing direction; and you have several of your
 childish traits queerly cropping up, mainly in regard
 to sudden emotions, anger, preference and others.
 You are still cautious, and somewhat variable in
 temper, fond of society and sensitive to environment;
 this last was, in youth, abnormally shown, you are
 outgrowing it. The study shows ability, sharp
 decisive purpose, and great constancy and will, with
 little disposition to sentiment.

GRETA K.—I. Another of you wanting immediate
 answer. I dare say you've returned by this time.
 Now, Greta, as to your questions "would you love
 any man very much, would you make a good wife
 and do I think you reserved." I put it to you
 whether they're worth answering—I think not. 2.
 Your writing shows a decided tendency to material-
 ism, a forceful nature, a decided will and the most
 pronounced self-assertion. Your impulses are head-
 long but variable, and your tendency rather too mas-
 culinity, a wish to rule and a very frank and inde-
 pendent nature. You are good tempered, conserva-
 tive, fond of a good joke and a thoroughly vital
 principle, all alive and moving on.

MARK TWAIN.—I. In the case of a meeting presided
 over by an unmarried woman, I recently heard a
 learned professor address the lady in the chair as
 "Mademoiselle," which sounded well. In case the
 presiding lady were married, I should say "Mrs.
 Chairwoman" or simply "Madam" would be the
 correct thing. 2. Your writing shows great per-
 sistence and probably fondness for argument. The
 mind is receptive, and the nature open to influence,
 principally from the opposite sex. Sense of beauty
 is keen, diplomacy noticeable, method somewhat
 capricious, and impatient of small matters; the in-
 clination is to sudden emphatic action, ending in
 gradual lack of force. The writer should be a man
 of ideas, probably of projects, of which it is almost
 safe to say he is apt to tire.

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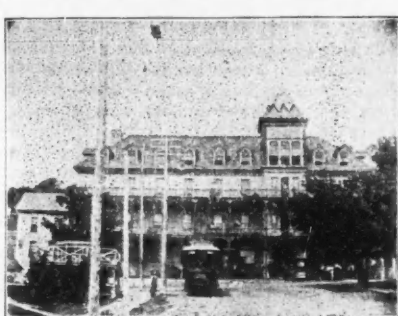
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 ping only at Rochester, Syracuse, Utica and
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 that you go



Miss Edith Hemming has almost finished a portrait group, life size, of two children, in which the arrangement is very happy. One chubby little fellow in a white and yellow dress is seated holding a bunch of buttercups loosely in his hand, while the older brother stands beside him. The same artist has just sent away an admirably painted miniature, and a third portrait (life size) on the card testifies to the painter's energy and skill. Miss Hemming will probably take a holiday in a trip to Port Dalhousie; it is not intended as a sketching tour but one of pure recreation.

Sir Henry Irving, chairman of the Siddons Memorial Committee, will unveil in the autumn the new statue of Mrs. Siddons on Paddington Green, London. The statue, which received the approval of the late Lord Leighton, is the work of M. Chavalliaud, a French sculptor. The portrait of the actress has been obtained, after a careful study of all existing pictures, from Reynolds's famous picture of her as the Tragic Muse.

Mr. T. Mower Martin has been making short sketching excursions in and about Toronto, and some of the finest effects he has gained are of a quiet winding stream not far from the heart of the city. Also in catching some of the effects on water of the reflections in shade and blinding glare in sunlight he has been most successful. Mr. Martin, with his two daughters, will take a sketching tour later on about Ancaster and Dundas, where there is so much that is picturesque, and on through Western Ontario. Miss E. May Martin's out-of-door sketch class has been very large all summer, and is enjoyed equally by interested pupils and enthusiastic teacher.

From the *Critic* we learn of Mr. La Farge's latest work: Two new stained glass windows, just completed by Mr. La Farge were shown last week at his workshop, 46 Washington square, New York. The subjects are The Walk to Emmaus and The Finding in the Temple, and in each case the pictorial composition fills the entire space, leaving no room for ornament. The flesh alone is painted, the drapery and accessories being modeled by "plating" one color with another; and the effect is much like that of a large painting in transparent water colors. It may be doubted whether this is the very best decorative use to which stained glass may be put, but it is a legitimate new development, and has been carried by Mr. La Farge about as far as it is possible to go.

Anyone desirous of becoming better acquainted with this, the greatest decorative designer of our time, and one of the most interesting of American artists, will find Miss Cecilia Warren's sketch of him in the April *Portfolio* invaluable. The article is not critical, losing possibly thereby, but gives a very full account of the artist's early life and surroundings, and his career up to date. Considerable space is devoted to the trip to Samoa, and a number of water-colors are reproduced in color as well as many drawings in black and white.

The gold medal of honor for painting at this year's Paris Salon was awarded to M. Benjamin Constant. Of the fourteen second medals awarded for oil paintings two went to British artists, one to Mr. Lorimer, for his *Marriage de Convenience*, and the other to Mr. Gotch for his *Infant Jesus*. There are no Americans among

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Man about to sink—Drop me a line!
Man on the dock—Which address?

the recipients. Of the thirty-three medals awarded, three fell to British artists. Of the forty-eight artists who received honorable mention, five were American and one English.

A bronze statue of John C. Calhoun was recently cast in New York and forwarded to Charleston, S. C., where it will be erected in one of the principal squares. It is the work of Mr. J. Massey Rhind, who has represented the statesman in his favorite attitude when making an address, but has relieved the awkwardness of the old-fashioned "swallow-tail" coat by the addition to the costume of a long cloak, hanging loosely from the shoulders. The statue is twelve feet eight inches high, and will be placed on a granite pedestal, forty feet high, at whose corners will be placed bronze palmetto trees. It is presented to the city of Charleston by a committee of Southern women.

Mr. Owen P. Staples has been making several studies of cats and kittens, and the results are considerably ahead of his last at one of our late exhibitions which was much admired. Mr. Staples has also several views of the same landscape under different conditions, and two more important and larger figure pieces, out-of-door work, at which he expects to paint while in the country on his holidays. An artist's holidays seem to be a change of work and scene—but no play.

Some years ago Lord Mountstephen bought one of Thomas Faed's pictures, entitled *Sunday in the Backwoods*, and this, according to a letter from Mr. Turnbull to the secretary, his lordship has now presented to the Montreal Art Gallery. Lord Mountstephen says in his letter to Mr. Turnbull: "I bought this picture some years ago at Christie's with the intention of some day presenting it to the Montreal Association, as it seemed to me that Canada was the most fitting place for a picture so characteristically Canadian in its subject to find its home."

LYNN C. DOYLE.

Twas Ever Thus.

Baltimore Sun.

TWENTY-FIVE hundred years ago a princess of the royal family of Assyria wrote a letter to a lady of the imperial court, in which the latter was haughtily rebuked for presuming to use the familiar title of "sister" in addressing the royal lady. Yesterday in Baltimore an English translation of this letter was published by the Johns Hopkins University. Dr. Christopher Johnston has been working for some time to puzzle out the dignified terms in which one woman of those ancient days rebuked another.

The letter was not written with ink upon a sheet of tinted paper, as would be done by a fair dame of to-day, but was inscribed in cuneiform characters upon a tablet of baked clay. It is in thirteen lines, and the royal lady did not waste words to express her contempt at the other's impertinence. The tablet was written only a few years before the destruction of Nineveh and the overthrow of the Assyrian empire, which is generally placed by historians as having occurred in 606 B. C. It is one of the few remains of that period which have come down to the scholars of the present day. It was discovered a score or more years ago and many Assyriologists have tried their hand at a translation. Dr. Johnston, in working upon it, did not have the original tablet, but a picture of it. The royal lady who wrote the letter, or who probably dictated it to her scribe, was the Princess Sherruatterat, a grand-daughter of the famous Assyrian monarch Assurbanipal, called Sardanapalus by Greek writers, who, in addition to being a great conqueror, was the founder of an extensive public library and a patron of literature and the arts. The letter is translated by Dr. Johnston:

Message of the King's daughter to Asshur-Sharrat. Thou dost not properly address thy letter sent to me, nor use the title to me befitting thy station. People might say, "Is she the sister of Sherruatterat, the eldest daughter of Asshur-etil-lani-ukinni, the great King, the mighty King, King of hosts, King of Assyria?" But thou art only the daughter of the daughter-in-law of the wife of Assurbanipal, eldest son of Esaraddon, King of Assyria.

Dr. Johnston suggests that this last sentence was probably a crushing blow for the recipient of the letter, as the peculiar expression "daughter of the daughter-in-law of Assurbanipal" was most likely a reference to some delectable bit of court scandal in the famous Asiatic empire. The doctor also said that the rebuke was a perfectly proper one from what is known to-day of Assyrian etiquette in letter writing.

"If the lady, Asshur-Sharrat, addressed the Princess as sister without being so related," said he "she certainly committed a gross breach of etiquette and was guilty of an impertinence which richly merited a rebuke. Even if she were actually her sister, it is doubtful whether she could have so addressed the eldest daughter of the sovereign family. We find a prince speaking of his father, 'the King, my Lord,' but never as 'my father.' And among private individuals, except in the case of near relatives, it was the invariable rule to address each person by his proper title, with the addition of the words 'My lord.'"

Exercise on the Bike.

Munsey's.

Jones, who lives on West Ninety Fourth street, has donned his bicycle costume and mounted his wheel for a little spin up the Boulevard. Smith, who lives on West Ninety Sixth Street, has donned his bicycle suit and mounted his wheel for a spin down the Boulevard. They do this for exercise, and this is about what happens every day. Starting at the same time, and riding at equal speed, it may easily be calculated that they will meet at Ninety Fifth street.

Jones (as he stops)—Why, hello, Smith!

Smith (as he does likewise)—Hello, Jones!

Jones—Nice day.

Smith—Yes, it's a beautiful day for this kind of work.

Jones—Great! Why, I couldn't live without my daily spin on my wheel.

Smith—Neither could I. Why, it has made a new man of me. By the way, I see you have a new wheel.

Jones—Yes, traded off the America that I bought day before yesterday for this Stumblers. One of the bolts on this machine is nickel plated, and it wasn't on the other. Makes a great improvement, I think.

Smith—Yes, and then you kept the other one as long as you ought. I never keep mine more than two days.

Jones—Nor I. But in these days you could readily get a new and improved one every twenty-four hours—there are so many new inventions for wheels.

Smith—Yes, that's so. Why, I don't spend more than an hour at business a day. All my time taken up looking for the latest thing in wheels. It's great for the health.

Jones—I should say so. In fact, I have been contemplating giving up business altogether, and just spending my time looking for new wheels. A fellow ought to, if he wants to keep up with the crowd. I see you have another since yesterday?

Smith—Oh, yes; this is the third I have bought since then. Got an improvement every time. If I keep on for a few years I'll have the best wheel that's made. What are you geared?

Jones—Three hundred and sixty-six—it's leap year, you know. What's yours?

Smith—Oh, four, eleven, forty four; but I think I'll try a new combination the next time I go out.

They converse for an hour or more about sprockets, oil cans, mud guards, pants guards, lanterns, cork handles, double and single tires, weights, bolts, bars, and cranks, to say nothing of many other things. After which they mount their respective wheels and go home. They have ridden about two blocks apiece.

TOM HALL.

Miss Summit—Mr. Travers just sent me these lovely violets. He is so generous, and I know he couldn't afford it. The poor, dear boy, I don't see where he gets the money from. Dashaway (savagely)—I know where he got the money from in this case.—*Harlemite*.

Tourist—Why can't you put a stop to these continual insurrections? Native—We are considering a measure now which may have a tendency in that direction. It is proposed to reduce the president's term of office to three weeks, and to provide that he shall not be eligible for a second term.—*Puck*.

The delegate was approached by a newspaper representative. He was a breezy, enthusiastic helegant; one who seemed to be fairly bubbling over with good material for an interview. "What do you think of the situation?" the reporter asked. "What do I think? Young man, you utterly mistake the nature of my employment. I'm not here to think. I'm here to holler."—*Washington Star*.

Think Before You Answer.

What is heat? What is cold? "Anybody can tell the difference between heat and cold," you answer; "one can tell when he is hot and when he is cold by his feelings." Don't be too sure of that.

You are attacked, let us say, by intermittent fever—or fever and ague as it is often called. It begins with severe shivering all over the body. Your teeth chatter, and maybe the loose silver jingles in your pocket. You complain of being intensely cold, and want the bedclothes piled on top of you. Your friends wrap you up till you look like a mummy. Still you shiver and chatter. Yes, and if the thermometer showed 150 degrees of heat in your room it wouldn't help you a bit. For you are not cold at all; you are in a fever even then. You are really warmer than you were before the attack came on. "That's curious." It is, and it proves that heat or cold is not always the same as our sense of it.

Take this case, for example: A lady, Mrs. Ann Weaver, says this: "I was always cold, even in summer time."

Now let us see what the matter was. In the autumn of 1889, she says, "I got one cold on the top of another, and at Christmas of the same year I was attacked with influenza. This left me in a low weak condition. I felt tired and weary all the time—as much so in the morning as when I went to bed."

[On this we make another point: Her fatigue and weariness were not natural, nor real. If they had been, rest would have overcome them. What were they then? With a bit. We must probe deeper into the mystery.]

Mrs. Weaver goes on to say: "My appetite was poor, and after eating I was full and blown



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out. No matter how simple and plain the food was it gave me so much distress that I got to be afraid to eat. Even a drop of milk would nearly kill me. In my stomach there was a constant pain as if something were gnawing me, and also a pain in my back between my shoulder blades. Sometimes I craved for food, yet when it was put before me I could not touch it."

[One word of comment on this: The sensation of hunger, although we locate it in our stomach, is really of the whole body. The nerves, bones, and muscles hunger as much as the stomach does. But the latter receives or rejects the food on behalf of all the rest. Hence, when it is out of order they can get nothing. Do you see? Letters are not for the postmen only, but for us all. Yet when the postmen strike work, nobody gets letters.]

"I was starved," says Mrs. Weaver. "I had a dreadful pain in my head, with a feeling of a heavy weight on my head. Later on I had rheumatism all over me—my elbows, ankles and feet being so painful that I could hardly bear it. I lost the use of my hands and would drop things when trying to lift them. For months I had to be fed by others. I lost flesh and went thin almost as a skeleton. At night I was distracted with pain and got but little rest. I was so weak I could scarcely drag one foot after the other. As I went along the house I supported myself by the furniture. For four months I lay in bed, being lifted in and out when necessary."

"In this way I continued for nearly two years. A doctor attended me, but, getting worse, I procured a letter from Mr. Blaney of the Vine Tavern, and was an out-door patient at the Barnsley Hospital for ten months. I spent pounds in medicines and rubbing bottles to no purpose."

"In October, 1891, I met Mr. Holland of Pogmoor, who told me of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I began taking it, and soon all pain left me; I gradually recovered my strength

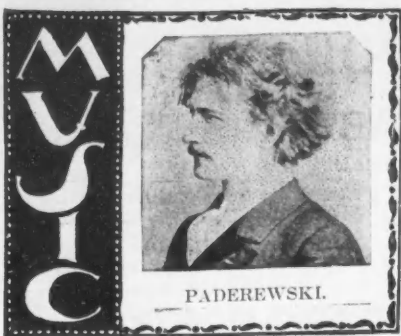
and have since enjoyed good health. (Signed) Mrs. Ann Weaver, 17 Back Denton road, Kingston place, Barnsley, Yorkshire, October 19, 1893."

Mrs. Weaver's original and only complaint was indigestion and dyspepsia. The blood poisons produced by this made her get one cold on top of another, and laid her open to the attack of influenza, and afterwards caused the rheumatism which so long agonized and crippled her. The chills she felt, "even in summer," came from the stomach poisons acting on the nerves through the blood. For that sort of cold, fires and blankets are of no use. When Seigel's Syrup had righted the digestion and turned out the poisons, nature did the rest; but the Syrup had to pave the way.

Vastly better for Mrs. Weaver had she met Mr. Holland of Pogmoor in the autumn of 1889; but very fortunate that she met him when she did.

Baptist Young People.

One of the most pleasant and enjoyable trips imaginable is advertised by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. from any point in Ontario or Quebec to Milwaukee and return for one single fare. This is in connection with the Baptist Young People's Union, who hold their annual international convention in Milwaukee July 16 to 19, 1896. Tickets are good until August 5, and give those going an opportunity of seeing both Chicago and Detroit on the return journey. Fred L. Radcliffe, Toronto, has been appointed by the Baptists of these provinces as transportation leader, and any who intend to avail themselves of this trip should write him at once for full particulars. Special arrangements have been made by the transportation leader for good board in Milwaukee at very low rates, and a special train will be run from Toronto right through, so that any single person going will have lots of good company by arranging to join the special train at Toronto or such point west as this train stops at.



How have the mighty fallen! The New York *Musical Courier*, in its last week's issue, pauses to criticize the great and only Paderewski, whom it has for years held up to the public gaze as the altogether unapproachable Liszt, Rubinstein and others, had, for some seasons past, been relegated by the journal mentioned, to uncomfortably low back seats as compared with the hirsute chrysanthemum, who has turned America topsy turvy in his several recent concert tours throughout the length and breadth of this continent. The *Musical Courier*, with its usual unequalled and charming facility in turning complete somersaults, whenever it feels inclined to do so, now discovers that the great artist has sadly degenerated, and gives as one of the reasons the "wholesale adulation lavished upon him," etc., all of which is very amusing to readers of that journal, who recall the innumerable columns of nauseating twaddle and wildly enthusiastic flattery of the great Pole, from the pens of various editors of the "world's greatest musical weekly," who have for some years been tumbling over each other in frantic efforts to prove that there has been but one pianist in the history of the world, viz., the "magnificent," "dazzling," "incomparable," "sublime," "celestial," "divine," "ethereal," "heaven-born genius," Paderewski. The last issue of the *Courier*, however, causes one to reflect seriously concerning the instability of worldly renown. Has the great Paderewski been chasing a mere phantom of glory all this time, or has his agent failed to make himself "solid" at the counting-house of the paper before sailing for Europe? At all events the following clipping from last week's *Courier* would seem to indicate that there is now decidedly "something rotten in the state of Denmark." The paragraph reads: "When Paderewski was first here his work was not only better than it is now, but his personality was a novelty. He has steadily degenerated, because of the wholesale adulation lavished upon him and because of his eagerness to acquire wealth rapidly. When he gets rid of the money earned during the last tour he will return to America for more. Perhaps then his audiences will be more critical, or perhaps the Paderewski fad will be dead. Who can tell? It will now be in order for the critics who have never shed tears over the great Pole, or gone into hysterics concerning his playing, to remind the *Courier* of the rhapsodical nonsense on this subject which for some years has appeared regularly in its columns. Critics, who had the temerity to suggest that Paderewski was not altogether beyond criticism, and who were accordingly cruelly "roasted" by the various editors of the *Courier*, will now have the smile on that great journal when they read the sentence in the paragraph quoted, in which the suggestion is made that when Paderewski again visits America his audiences will be more critical, or the Paderewski fad may have died a natural death.

The Metropolitan School of Music, Parkdale, closed a very successful season with an excellent elocutionary and dramatic recital, under the direction of Lauretta A. Bowes, at West Association Hall, on June 19, and an equally successful musical recital at the same locale on June 29, the latter under the supervision of the director, Mr. W. O. Forsyth. The programmes were of an order befitting the high standing of the staff and the talented body of executors taking part. Those participating in the musical recital were: Misses Ruby E. Preston, Maggie Mitchell, Dottie Sprague, Alice Malcolmson, Bertha L. Tamblin, Violet F. McNaughton (reader), Abbie M. Helmer, Gwendolyn Roberts, Maggie Laidlaw, Beatrice Runney, Emma L. Duff (reader), Dora Auger, Minnie Claxton, Messrs. Thomas Miller, Walter Sparks, Oscar Taylor, Walter H. Coles, and Peter C. Kennedy, the last named having the co-operation of Messrs. A. Klingensfeld and Paul Hahn, teachers, in a trio for piano and strings. Certificates and testimonials, as respectively won in examination, were presented to a large number of candidates in the musical, elocutionary and art departments of the Metropolitan by the president, Mr. Thomas Crawford, M.P.P., and in addition four special medals were also awarded. Two of these were for piano pupils who had studied under Mr. W. O. Forsyth, the musical director, for two years or more. Of these Miss Ruby E. Preston secured the gold medal, and Miss Abbie M. Helmer a silver medal. A third, the Karm gold medal, was for award among piano pupils of Mr. Forsyth who were not sub-teachers. This was won by Miss Gwendolyn Roberts. The elocutionary medal was awarded to Miss Emma L. Duff.

Mr. R. Huntington Woodman, the eminent American organist and composer, has contributed an excellent article to the *Evangelist* of New York, on the subject of The Attractive Element in Church Music. Mr. Woodman sensibly remarks that "a properly organized church is not justified in using music simply as an attractive feature of the service." He adds: "Good music will attract people, it is true, but the remedy for the evil lies not in abolishing or modifying the music (except to eliminate inappropriate selections of frivolous or secular suggestion), but in making it of such a nature that it will talk. Let the music be as good as possible, but of a nature to have a religious meaning and to enforce spiritual truth. If this kind of music draws a crowd, it is simply an incident, not the end in view for which music is employed. No one can rightfully object to true religious music because it 'draws,' any more than he can object to a large gathering of people to hear a really great preacher. On the other hand, the employment of music of a questionable char-

acter for the sake of its drawing power, seems almost as objectionable as would the use of an acrobatic performance for the same purpose. If music is used at all in our services, it should mean something. If it cannot be made a spiritual influence, drop it out of the service. Music can be a powerful factor in the cause of religion, and it is high time that organists and ministers should awake to the fact, and take intelligent action toward using it properly."

A little discussion is in progress in one of the leading English musical magazines, in which the question of Berlioz's ability to play the piano is the point in dispute. Mr. F. Corder, the well known writer, asserts that Berlioz could not play the piano, whilst the recently published reminiscences of Gounod, state the contrary, Gounod stating that the piano-playing of Berlioz "opened up a new world" to him. Mr. Corder quotes from Berlioz's own writings contradicting Gounod's statement, but the truth of the matter would probably be found midway between the two extremes mentioned above. The statement of a musician of Berlioz's calibre, who was likely to be extremely critical of himself, should be considered in a comparative sense. Wagner also laid no claims to recognition as a pianist, although he was able to play his own scores on that much-abused instrument, a task which would stagger many professional pianists. Mr. Corder quotes Hiller as having scornfully said that "Berlioz composed all his music at the piano." This admission alone should carry some weight. If the great Frenchman was able to play his own intricate compositions on the piano it must be conceded that he possessed some skill as an executant, although he may not have posed as a virtuoso.

A New York writer describes the closing scene of the recent Abbey-Grau opera season at the Metropolitan Opera House in the following picturesque language. He says: "For those who waited until the opera was over a rare and idiotic treat was furnished. I pitied Melba, who was forced to walk across the stage about ninety times, and each time the poor girl had to point to her throat and significantly shake her head when the fools in the audience yelled Home, Sweet Home. Why this particular banal ditty should be selected to top off an opera season God only knows, and Melba won't tell; but the fact of the matter is she would not sing the old psalm of Patti. The champion idiot of the whole audience occupied the middle box on the second tier. He wore a black beard, was perhaps enveloped in a jag, and had the strongest pair of lungs I have ever had the misfortune to listen to. He did not articulate any special word but simply roared. I think it would be a good idea for Abbey and Grau to station special policemen at the stage door to suppress this nonsensical fad of calling out artists simply for the sake of seeing them sprint across the stage."

Sir Arthur Sullivan has just confessed that he does not always work with the rapidity ascribed to him. "When the fever is on me and the subject takes my fancy I can turn out four numbers in a day. On the other hand, I have sometimes spent a week over a single song, setting it over and over again until I felt that the melody interpreted the story of the words. I have thrown in the fire dozens of times that which might have been used as pot-boilers, and sold to the music publishers on the strength of the popularity of my name. But into the flames they went and so they can never rise up against me. There was one song that gave me infinite trouble. I really believe that I spent a fortnight over that blessed jingle and must have set and reset it a dozen times before I was content."

The following remarks, from London *Times*, concerning the superficiality of average chorus work will be appreciated by many concert-goers who listen with mingled feelings of amazement and amusement at the desperate antics of many bodies of singers in vain efforts to read their parts confidently and correctly even at public performances. The *Times* critic goes one further and rightly says that the mere mastering of the notes, which would in itself be an achievement for many choruses, constitutes but a portion of a finished performance. He says: "It must be pointed out that the duties of singers have not been entirely fulfilled when the mere notes have been mastered, and of all that lies beyond and above the mere notes, the chorists seem, for the most part, sadly unconscious."

Mr. Charles A. Winter, organist and secretary of the annual gathering of the United Choirs of Western Ontario, has prepared and published a Church Choir Record, which is the best thing of the kind that has ever come under my notice. The book contains ruled sections respectively for the following purposes, namely: Minutes of business meetings, record of attendance of members, record of music rendered at church services, record of programmes rendered at concerts or song services, and a record for cash received and paid out. The work also includes a short chapter each on Hints to Choirs and Duties of Officers and Members. I can heartily recommend Mr. Winter's cleverly conceived Choir Record to all choirs desirous of improving their efficiency and discipline.

The members of the Clef Club were pleasantly entertained by the president, Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, on Saturday afternoon at Nurse's Hotel, Humber Bay. The wheeling members of the Club met at the corner of Jarvis and Carlton streets at four o'clock and reached the well known hostelry about an hour later. Here they were met by the non-cycling element of the Club, who had come out by trolley car. Tea was served at six o'clock and the party returned to the city at about nine o'clock, after having spent a most enjoyable time. Mr. Blakeley, the Club's expert amateur photographer, succeeded in securing a capital negative of the group upon their arrival at the Humber.

Bicycling, which is becoming a popular pastime with musicians, is specially recommended to a species of organ-players, generally spoken of as the "left-footed fraternity." This particular class of organists, who, for obvious reasons religiously avoid using the right foot in pedal playing, might rest assured that the pur-

chase of a bicycle would deprive the left of its monopoly and cultivate in the right a proficiency in pedal technique which they may not hitherto have acquired. The experiment is well worthy of a trial by all such.

A number of musical enthusiasts of London, Ont., have decided to organize a musical society under the name of the London Musical Society. The support of some of the best known of London's musical workers, both professional and amateur, is promised. One of the main objects of the society will be the production of unaccompanied choruses, and it is believed that the music-loving citizens of the city will rally heartily to its support. Mr. W. H. Hewlett, late of Toronto, will be its conductor.

The following note, *apropos* of the musical degree fad, has been received: DEAR MODERATO.—I was much pleased with the extract you published last Saturday, concerning the fad of adding a string of letters to one's name; the point was well taken. One is often at a loss to know what these "caudal conundrums" may mean. *Apropos* of titular distinctions, I saw a professional man's card lately, in which he styled himself "Mus. Doc., College of Church Musicians." Can you or any of your readers tell me where this "college" is, and what its constitution may be? Yours, ENQUIRER. Toronto, July 7, 1896.

A theatrical manager of a former generation was once compelled to beg the indulgence of his audience owing to the non-arrival of a singer. He suggested that the band should meanwhile play a selection. The reply was, "We'll be quiet, but please don't let the band play." One wonders how the same audience would tolerate some of the theater orchestras of our own time.

The congregation of the new London, Ont., Metropolitan Methodist church, formerly known as the Queen's avenue church, are contemplating the purchase of a pipe organ which is to surpass all similar instruments in the Province. A number of specifications have been submitted to Canadian, American and English builders and a decision is likely to be arrived at soon.

Mr. F. H. Torrington leaves next week for Peak's Island, Maine, where he purposes spending the balance of his summer vacation. Mr. Torrington, by the way, is the latest musical victim to the bicycle fever, and is rapidly getting into form for record breaking.

It is proposed to thoroughly repair and modernize the magnificent organ of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, at a cost of \$15,000. This will include a re-arrangement of the entire mechanical apparatus on the electro-pneumatic principle and other changes in keeping with the high reputation of the organ as one of the finest in the world. MODERATO.

A Horrid Deaf Man.

The young man had seen the giddy young couple enter the ice cream parlors and soon followed. He took his seat with his back toward the young folks and tapped the bell for the waiter. When the waiter responded, he made motions with his hands and uttered guttural sounds which the waiter judged meant an order for ice cream.

"Isn't it a shame he's deaf and dumb," remarked the young woman; "so handsome, too."

"Oh, don't mind him," answered the swain with some feeling. "I can't bear to have you notice anyone else. Dear, I love you oh, so much. I never can tell you how much I do love you. I'd go through fire and water, I'd die for you, I'd—"

"Waiter," yelled the deaf and dumb man, "bring me in another saucer of ice cream."

"Oh!" came a frightened little scream from behind the deaf and dumb man's back. Embarrassment was so thick it could be cut, but the lover and loved groped their way hastily through it and disappeared down the street.

Proud of His Hair.

The foot-ball game was about to commence, when suddenly it was noticed that full-back was not at his post. Hurriedly the captain asked the question:

"Where is Bluffers-to-day?"

The quarter-back answered: "In the game day before yesterday while we were making that last rush he got tangled up in his hair and fell, sustaining injuries from which he may not recover."

The captain sighed heavily and said: "Poor fellow, and he was always so proud of that hair." Then the umpire called time.

She—"Don't you always pity a girl who is frightened by the dark?" He—"Naturally, I can not help feeling for her."—*Brooklyn Life*.

Digby—"It is a fine thing for people to go into the country in summer. Digby—"Yes; they get so uncomfortable they realize how delightful it is in town."

She—"Oh, Jack! Do you know, Mr. Gibson punctuated his tire yesterday? He—You mean punctured, my dear. She—"Well, any way, he came to a full stop."—*Philadelphia Record*.

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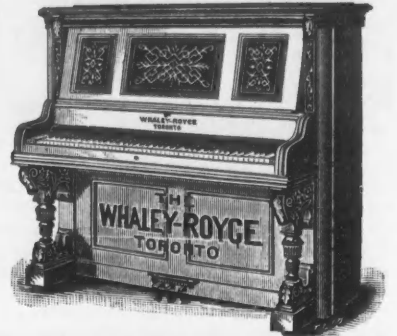
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The Teachers are either Masters or Ladies of high qualifications and extensive experience.
Pupils are prepared, if it is desired, for University matriculation.
The school will reopen after the midsummer holidays, on Wednesday, Sept. 8.
For Calendar, &c., apply to—
MISS GRIER, Lady Principal.

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All pointed questions for every young person. What to prepare for, where to prepare and when to start. Let us answer them. Get a practical education at the
CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE
of Toronto and start Sept. 1 when Fall term begins. Our answer has helped hundreds of others; why not you? Let us send you fuller particulars. Drop your address to W. H. SHAW, Principal, cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets, Toronto.

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The most Practical School in Canada
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SUCCESS FOLLOWS MERIT
Our pupils command the highest positions. FOUR young men placed with the largest manufacturing concern in the Dominion during the month of January

BARKER'S SHORTHAND SCHOOL
Phone 2459. 12 King St. West.
GEORGE BENGTOUGH, Proprietor.

Social and Personal.

Tennis week opens next Tuesday at Niagara-on-the-Lake. It promises to be the most brilliant gathering ever held in Canada. For the first time in the history of tennis the American and Canadian lady champions will cross racquets and the greatest interest centers in the event. Miss Juliette Atkinson, who held the American championship, is a wonderful player and quite the most finished exponent of the game as played by the fair sex ever seen on the continent. Miss Bessie Moore, who defeated her, is also a remarkable player. A Canadian player from whom much is expected is Mrs. C. J. Smith of Ottawa, whose prowess dates from the English tennis courts where she was formerly a leading expert. A very large entry is coming in for the ladies singles. Mrs. Sydney Smith, the Canadian champion will defend her title. E. P. Fischer of New York, who defeated Malcolm Chace the other day for the Tuxedo Challenge Bowl, is likely to win the All Comers with, probably, P. R. D. Wrenn, the ex-champion, Malcolm Chace or J. Paret of New York, Middle States champion, as runner up. The usual gaieties will be held during the week with a tennis cotillion on Thursday evening, which will be led by Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, jr., of Buffalo, and in which many of the Toronto belles will take part. Most beautiful figures are being devised, but Mr. Scott Griffin, the energetic secretary, is as inscrutable as the Sphinx when questioned about them. An excellent concert in the ball-room will be held on Wednesday evening at which Mrs. Mackelcan, Miss Agnes Dunlop, Mr. Fred Warrington and other artists will assist. On Friday there will be a musicale to which Mr. Samuel G. Cornell of Washington will contribute several of his inimitable sketches, and on Saturday there will be a Tournament ball.

Preparations are already being made for the third annual regatta and At Home of the Muskoka Lakes Association, which will be held at Beaurmaris, Muskoka Lake, Toronto civic holiday, August 10. Special steamboat and railroad accommodation is being made for the day. Many distinguished visitors from a distance have already signified their intention to be present, and the committee intend to make it a great social success as well as the important amateur aquatic event of the Muskoka Lakes. The following are the officers of the regatta: Commodore, Dr. E. Herbert Adams; vice-commodores, Mr. F. W. Fearman, Mr. A. H. O'Brien and Mr. A. C. Morris; sec.-treasurer, Mr. J. D. McMurrich; regatta secretary, Mr. J. H. Cockburn.

Miss Winnifred Sinclair of Toronto is visiting friends in Barrie.

There is quite a congenial circle at Penetang just now. Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Beardmore and Mrs. Wolf-Thomas, Mrs. Macculloch, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mr. Albert Nordheimer and his pretty children are among Mrs. Patterson's patrons at the Penetanguishene Hotel.

A promenade concert will be held in the Island Association Hall at Center Island, by Mrs. T. W. Dyas, next Friday, in aid of St. John's church building fund. The hall will be open from four to ten o'clock, and tea will be served from half-past five to seven. The tickets are ten cents, to be had at 132 D'Arcy street, 495 Queen street west, or 26 Hamilton avenue.]

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Creelman and family left for their summer residence at Georgian Bay this week.

The Victoria Bicycle Club held their annual ladies' run this week.

Sir William Meredith is the latest important convert to the bicycle.

Mr. Alan MacDonnell leaves on the Etruria from New York for Europe to-day.

Mr. Frank Coulson sails on the Dominion Line ss. Scotsman from Montreal to-day. He will make a tour through the Continent a week.

Dr. and Mrs. Winthrop Girling of Chicago are enjoying a holiday tour through Canada on a tandem. They spent some hours in town, and then started for Montreal on their wheel.

Mrs. Lount has returned home and looked very bright and pretty on her wheel down town a day or two since.

A feature of Toronto streets, which much delights our summer guests, is the array of brightness shown by the Street Railway picnic cars during the evening. The pretty and brilliant string of electric lights make an attractive picture as the cars flash by, laden with a jolly crowd of excursionists.

Miss Fannie Sullivan of the Toronto College of Music is spending her vacation at Saratoga, N.Y.

Mrs. J. A. Graham of Winnipeg is spending a few weeks with her mother at 30 Avenue road.

Mrs. Alfred W. Smith and family left on Saturday for their summer residence in Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Christie sail from Montreal via Dominion Line Scotsman, to-day, for Europe.

Mr. A. F. Webster, steamship agent, booked the following passengers to sail for Europe to-day: Mr. James George, Mrs. George, Mr. Robert Beggs, Mr. Burns, Mr. J. W. O'Hara, Mr. George Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fane, Mr. Richard Andros, Mrs. James and Miss Taylor, Mr. Thomas Slavin, Mr. Frank Robinson, Mr. A. Asher and Miss Mary McBurnie.

Miss Horetsky has gone to Poland to spend the summer.

Miss Ethel Weatherston of New York is spending a two weeks' vacation with her mother at 13 Peter street.

Miss Dallas and Miss Ellie Dallas of Bloor street west are spending the summer at Far Rockaway, Long Island.

Yachtsmen are having glorious times this season. All the Brownies are as brown as berries, and the slightly nautical touch in their

TAYLOR'S
"White Violet"
A new & lasting
perfume
for
the
handkerchief.

John Taylor & Co.
MANUFACTURING PERFUMERS.—TORONTO.

A PERFECT COMPLEXION

Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush

Perfect methods alone bring perfect results. Sallowness or blemishes cannot be buried under powders or cosmetics.

Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush removes the cause by giving the skin health. Its velvet-like, urgent action upon the delicate face-muscles brings out the lines of grace, denies wrinkles and gives a natural, free and honest beauty. Artificial means will only defeat the end they profess to attain. Bailey's Brush is an honest beautifier: it is clean, healthy and perfectly sensible. Nature endorses it by responding immediately to the action.

Catalogue of Everything in Rubber Goods.

Bailey's Rubber Bath and Wash Brush \$1.50
Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush50
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Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush (small)25
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A SUMMER RESIDENCE at Niagara Falls, N.Y. A new brick house to let during July and August. Newly furnished throughout; \$25 per month. Address 225 Niagara St., Niagara Falls, N.Y.

MR. HAROLD JARVIS, of Detroit, will be in Toronto frequently during the summer months. In answer to many requests, he will receive pupils in

Voice Production and Expression in Singing
Address—115 Dowling Avenue.

costumes dispute chic with the almost invertebrate cycling garb.

Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith and Mrs. Crooks will spend Tournament week at the Queen's Royal Hotel, and will witness the Canadian tennis championships.

Dr. Sterling Ryerson returned home this week.

Mr. J. Castell Hopkins was presented by Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Secretary of State for Scotland, at the levee held by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in St. James' Palace on July 6. By order of the Queen, presentations at this levee rank as presentations to Her Majesty.

Mrs. E. G. Jones, Mrs. and Miss Phillips, Mr. R. H. and Miss Lillian Burgess, Mrs. S. E. Townsend and family, Mrs. McGiffin, Judge and Mrs. Kingsmill, Mr. and Mrs. Will Hyslop, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Hamilton of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Pratt, Mrs. and Miss McKinnon, C. K. Domville, Miss Domville, Miss Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Humfrey, Miss Wilson of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Killmaster, Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Whitehead, Miss E. Wilkes, Mrs. Tisdale of Brantford, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Wilson, Miss Wilson of Dundas, Mr. J. A. Martin of Paris, Mr. A. Gunn of Halifax, Mrs. and Mrs. Fleming of Boston, Mass., Mr. John Murray, Mrs. F. S. Skinner and children, Mrs. Limprecht, Mrs. G. W. McLellan, Mrs. J. C. Falls, Mr. and Mrs. VanIngen, Mr. Andrew Pallullo, Mr. A. L. Shepard, Mr. H. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Travers, Rev. P. Lennox, Miss Travers, Mrs. H. G. Lackner, Miss L. E. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Farr, Mr. Albert E. Davis, Mrs. M. A. Pound, and Judge Chisholm are registered at the Hotel Del Monte, Preston Springs.

Mr. A. J. Russell Snow and his little daughter, Kathleen, are spending a few days at the Hotel Penetanguishene. Mr. Justice Rose and family will also spend vacation at the same hotel. Several leading American families arrived there yesterday.

Upholstered Furniture Sale

Special Values Offered

The Toronto Furniture Supply Co., Ltd., are offering this month extra special values and showing the finest and most varied assortment of wire and iron back stuff-over easy chair Parlor Suites in the newest American designs; handsome three pieces mahogany Parlor Furniture, Tables, Cabinets, Rockers, &c. Our stock of Furniture Coverings are second to none in this city and comprise the newest patterns.

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A good-sized room, suitable for law office, samples or commissions.
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49 Wilhelm Strasse, Berlin, W. Under the patronage of Her Majesty the Empress Frederick of Germany. Travelers contemplating a visit to Berlin will find a comfortable home with Mrs. Gerling. Terms, \$1.25 to \$2 per day, or \$30 to \$75 per month. Also young ladies who intend visiting Berlin for the purpose of studying Music and the languages will be chaperoned and well cared for by Mrs. Gerling, who has a German lady for German conversation, &c. Terms for board, lodging, service, fire and lights, with bath in room every morning, room alone, and chaperoning, \$150 per quarter for two young ladies in one room, \$125 per quarter. Address MRS. GERLING, 49 Wilhelm Strasse, Berlin, Germany.



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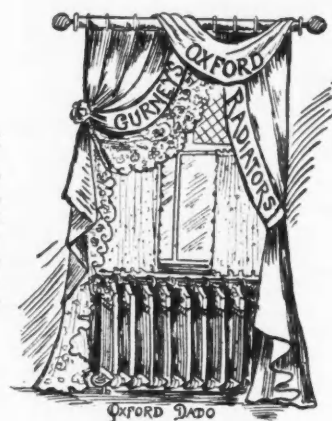
and thus attain the highest pinnacle of enjoyment, for Cleveland, manufactured by the largest high grade builders in the world, are universally acknowledged to be the smoothest-running of all wheels, the easiest to ride, adjust and clean.

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Salesroom: **TORONTO** Factory: **TORONTO JUNCTION**
169 YONGE STREET
Select Riding Academy: **GRANITE RINK**

"OXFORD" Radiators

Have great heating capacity, assuring COMFORTABLY HEATED HOMES



Requires small floor space. Can be decorated to harmonize with furnishings of room.

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TORONTO

...WHEN Shakespeare wrote that delicious bit of truth, "The man that hath not music in his soul," etc., he regarded music as a kind of moral necessity.

The Bell Piano, with its melodious tone, light touch and exquisite finish, appeals to the higher elements in human nature.

Sold everywhere on instalments.

The Bell Organ & Piano Co. Ltd.

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Renaissance Lace Curtains with Sash Curtains

to match. Also a superb collection of **White Brussels** and **Tambour** Curtains from \$3.25 to \$55.00 per pair. "Better values than we have ever shown before." Lovers of fine lace work (whether they intend purchasing or not) will find it a pleasure to inspect these goods.

John Kay, Son & Co. 34 King St. West
TORONTO

The History of Beer.

WHAT is the drink which at this time of the year, at all events, reigns over all others? Ask a Frenchman, a German, an American, a Russian, or an Englishman, says the *London Mail*, and he will respond—"Beer."

In France it has supplanted wine in general consumption—wine the French drink for so many centuries, but which, as a French writer has just pointed out, is more apt "to begay than to refresh." Probably to none of our readers is the fabrication of beer a secret—that is to say, they know the constituent elements of the drink which, according to Sir Walter Besant, "made Britain great"; but they will perhaps be entertained by the following facts: We cannot go back to the epoch of the deluge in order to find first mention of beer. Wine alone, according to the Bible, can boast so remote an antiquity. We must leave to the pedants plunged into the night of time the pretension of placing the birth of beer at the era of Osiris, twenty centuries before the Christian era. Yet we may mention that the famous historian, Tacitus, speaks of it as the ordinary drink of the Northern tribes, whose climate does not foster the grape.

At the commencement of the thirteenth century an English monk brought to John I. King of Flanders and Brabant, a keg of brown October—such as Friar Tuck was wont to extol—and from that moment beer began to assume an importance on the continent. King John was an amateur brewer, and he was not content until he had produced improvement upon improvement in the art of beer-making, then little known among his subjects.

Before the eleventh century nearly all beer was made from barley. Hops were first employed about the year 1065, A. D.

The Germans, who were among the first to make beer wholesale, began to cultivate hops in great quantities.

The hop plant came originally from Russia; but it is more than probable that Nature intended it to flourish in Bohemia, Bavaria and Kent; hence the reason why it has acquired in those soils and at the hands of careful cultivators such exceptional qualities as it has attained.

In the fourteenth century the German brewers began to export beer made from hops. They sent beer to England in large quantities, and it became the Court drink. But these German brewers had the misfortune (for them only) of adding to each barrel of beer a ball containing as a sort of trade-sign hops, and this introduction was fatal to the German monopoly. Our Kent farmers got hold of the hops and put themselves to cultivate the plant with such assiduity that our breweries soon began to make and export for themselves.

Beer, heretofore, has been normally a characteristic of certain races. While the Latin peoples drink wine at their repast, the Germanic, Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian races take beer—as in the case of the English, the Germans, the Norwegians and Swedes and the North Americans. Among these people wine is a luxury. Yet, strange to say, beer seems slowly but surely forcing its way among the masses of France, Spain and Italy, like a river whose tide will brook no barrier.

If all the beer brewed now in the world daily were to flow in a single stream it would equal in volume the River Thames. We call the one Father Thames—we would term the other Mother Beer.

In this country we call beer by three names, ale, porter and stout. In Belgium there is lambic and faro, and in Germany the bierre de garde, the bock-bier, and salvator-bier. But different types of beer are really to be divided into two types—called "high fermentation" as with us, and "low fermentation" as with German, French and Austrian beers.

The method of high fermentation is the primitive manner of making beer. Low fermentation was first employed at Munich in the fifteenth century. Its chief recommendation is its lightness, coldness, and ease with which large quantities may be drunk.

But there is no danger of British beer losing its prestige. That immortal production which has earned so many millions and created so many peers still holds its place in the heart—or stomach—of the average Briton, whether he be at home, or in India, Africa, or the Colonies. We brew within a million or so gallons of Germany's output, but a bottle of Bass has twice the strength of Pilsener—so perhaps we are yet the greatest beer makers and drinkers on earth.

Society in England.

IADY JEUNE writes in the *Saturday Review* of the changes which have come over London society: "What originally constituted a right to be in good society in England has been discarded. Birth and rank count for nothing, unless they bring with them into the great market of society other claims to success; and the best claim to be a leader of fashionable society in England is to be able to provide the greatest amount of amusement. Every man and woman is expected to contribute a mite to the common fund of amusement, and those who contribute the largest amount are the acknowledged heads of society. It is impossible that it should be otherwise; for agricultural distress—depreciation in the value and rental of land—has broken down the territorial aristocracy of England, and the moneyed aristocracy has taken its place. The growing size of society, the luxury, and the variety of amusements it offers, are some of the indications that it is based upon wealth; for such a society could never have come into existence in a purely aristocratic, and therefore a poorer, community. What was simply an aristocratic caste has been swept away, and the heterogeneous mass which now calls itself good society is, at any rate, clever and sharp enough not to be beguiled by any will-o'-the-wisp, or to receive any one who does not possess some special qualifications to be enrolled in its ranks."

"If London continues to increase in size and wealth, it is difficult to foretell what changes society will undergo. The probability is that it will break up into sets and cliques, each constituting a large society in itself, just as in the days when the two aristocratic factions of Whig and Tory formed the two sole branches of society. The days when all members of a society were related one to another, and when they nearly all addressed each other by their Christian names, are gone, together with the bitter hatred and jealousy felt by the two great parties toward each other. The frequent intermarriage between the upper and middle classes in England has still further broken down social restrictions, but perhaps less than is generally supposed, for the English aristocracy have never objected to marry "money," even from the earliest days, and it is itself largely recruited from the City. If we mourn the decay of what used to be called good society, we may console ourselves with the reflection that the cosmopolitanism of to-day has brought into its ranks men and women who are distinctly acquisitions, and who, but for the very conditions we lament, must have remained outside. The blending of literary, scientific, artistic, and political elements, which is the peculiarity of English society, gives it a distinction which no other society possesses, and the brilliant men and women who adorn it would, fifty years ago, not have found entrance into it."

Best ever invented. No liquid can compare with it. Prevents contagious diseases. Kills germs. Indispensable with people understanding sanitary requirements. Don't buy any other for safety sake. Ask your druggist for it.

ALONZO SPOONER, Port Hope, Ont.

Bicycle Economy

Maybe you think it is economy to buy at a lower price a machine said to be "just as good" as the famous American Columbia. But is it economy? Think of the wealth of wisdom and experience accumulated during 18 years of building good bicycles, that comes to you for the \$110 you pay for



A bicycle is no stronger than its weakest part, and although some bicycles said to be "just as good" may have a few Columbia equipments it is not a Columbia unless it is a Columbia all the way through. Then it will have the famous Columbia nameplate as "hall mark."

Columbia Art Catalogue, telling fully of all Columbias, and of Hartford Bicycles, trustworthy machines of lower price, is free from any Columbia agent; by mail for two 2-cent stamps.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

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McDONALD & WILLSON, Agents, 187 Yonge St., Toronto

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Old fashioned fads gave way to advanced ideas, and the Safford system of heating by steam and hot water, aided by the patented screw-threaded nipple connections, set the pace. Spectacled scientists, long-haired men of letters and bearded mechanics flocked together and pronounced them perfect.

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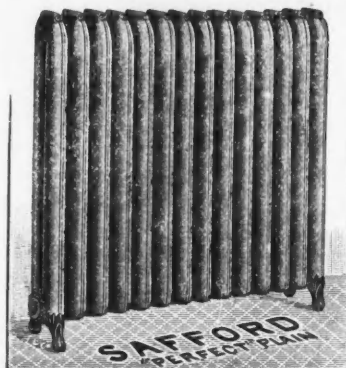
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All have Bicycles

But "Wakefield Leather Skirt Binding" is within reach of all who know the value of a good thing. Well, after all, we women are strange creatures; we go slaving away to lay aside enough to buy a wheel. Before you get it, it is tire; and after you get it, it is tire; and, in short, it is almost all tire; but not so with

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community. What was simply an aristocratic caste has been swept away, and the heterogeneous mass which now calls itself good society is, at any rate, clever and sharp enough not to be beguiled by any will-o'-the-wisp, or to receive any one who does not possess some special qualifications to be enrolled in its ranks."

"If London continues to increase in size and wealth, it is difficult to foretell what changes society will undergo. The probability is that it will break up into sets and cliques, each constituting a large society in itself, just as in the days when the two aristocratic factions of Whig and Tory formed the two sole branches of society. The days when all members of a society were related one to another, and when they nearly all addressed each other by their Christian names, are gone, together with the bitter hatred and jealousy felt by the two great parties toward each other. The frequent intermarriage between the upper and middle classes in England has still further broken down social restrictions, but perhaps less than is generally supposed, for the English aristocracy have never objected to marry "money," even from the earliest days, and it is itself largely recruited from the City. If we mourn the decay of what used to be called good society, we may console ourselves with the reflection that the cosmopolitanism of to-day has brought into its ranks men and women who are distinctly acquisitions, and who, but for the very conditions we lament, must have remained outside. The blending of literary, scientific, artistic, and political elements, which is the peculiarity of English society, gives it a distinction which no other society possesses, and the brilliant men and women who adorn it would, fifty years ago, not have found entrance into it."

The Prince as Mr. Moulton.

Here is a highly interesting bit of gossip about the Prince of Wales, reproduced from the *San Francisco Ware*. That the Prince was once forced to pawn his watch will bring him nearer to many of us. "Nearly every crowned head in Europe has an alias. Some have two or three, which they use according to the amount of style they intend to support while traveling incognito. The Prince of Wales usually travels incog. under the title of the Earl of Chester, but if he intends slipping off very quietly he goes as Mr. Moulton. On one of these occasions the Prince was actually reduced to pawning his watch, as well as that of his equerry, General Teesdale. It was at Sedan, shortly after the war of 1870. The Prince was visiting the battle-fields in the strictest incognito, and was exceedingly anxious that his identity should not become known, fearing that it might give offence to his French friends to know that he was viewing the scene of their disaster. When the time came to leave Sedan, he found that he had not enough money to pay his hotel bill, and that General Teesdale was in an equally penniless condition. Any telegram that he could have sent would have disclosed his rank, and there were similar objections to confiding in the innkeeper. So, after much discussion, he decided to send the General to place both their watches in pawn."

Yeast—Your landlady says you are behind with your board. Crimsonback—Well, she's dead wrong. I'm ahead. I owe her forty-five dollars.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

The etiquette of bicycling is receiving a great deal of discussion just now. It is believed that a wheelman who has been run over by a large

SUIT CASES

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38 KING STREET EAST. 'PHONE 131

bay team and a grocery wagon has a right to speak without an introduction.—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

"Is that report true about Wheeler joining the Prohibitionists?" "No; I think it started from his attempt last week to smash a brewery wagon with his bicycle."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Another Canadian Novel.

The Lady of Chateau Blanc, an historical romance by Malcolm W. Sparrow, has just been issued from the press of the Brough Printing Co., Toronto. Mr. Sparrow is a young writer of promise, and he has made a thorough study of early Canadian history in order to write the story in question and others that have come from his pen.

Housekeepers.

The attention of housekeepers who may require fruit for preserving and of womankind generally is respectfully called to the announcement of Mr. F. Simpson, 736 Yonge street, on page 3 of this issue. Mr. Simpson's stock of fruit is unequalled in the city.

CHINA HALL
49 KING STREET EAST

CUT GLASS

New patterns opened this week, comprising
BERRY BOWLS BOW BOWS
JELLY DISHES SUGARS AND CREAMS
OLIVE TRAYS WATER BOTTLES
ICE CREAM SETS DECANTERS
All choice goods for Wedding Presents.

JOSEPH IRVING
IMPORTER

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

MACKENDRICK—June 8, Mrs. W. G. Mackendrick—a daughter.
WILLIAMS—July 5, Mrs. J. W. Williams, 380 Shaw street—a daughter.
SMITH—Weston, July 3, Mrs. Eustace Smith—a son.
MILLER—July 5, Mrs. Isadore Miller—a son.
BECK—July 2, Mrs. Evan Beck—a daughter.
BOND—July 3, Mrs. A. M. Bond—a daughter.
MAGANN—July 3, Mrs. George Plunkett Magann—a son.
GOING—July 1, Mrs. Charles Crosbie Going—a son.
CURTIS—July 1, Mrs. J. Curtis—a son.
AULT—July 6, Mrs. C. S. Ault—a son.
LEA—July 8, Mrs. Henry F. Lea—a daughter.

Marriages.

KNOTT—THURSTON—At Providence, R.I., on June 30, Rebekah, daughter of Mr. Clark Thurston of Providence, R.I., to Charles G. Knott of Toronto.
MCKENNY—McCANN—June —, James McKenny to Annie McCann.
WILSON—CAULDWELL—June 30, William Wilson to Lizzie Caldwell.
TRIPP—BEATTY—July 1, Dr. Ira D. Tripp to Emily Maud Beatty.
BECKNELL—PITCHER—June 30, Alfred Becknell to Agnes V. Pitcher.
MCLENNAN—MCALL—June —, John K. McLennan to Jessie Bell McCall.
SCHOFIELD—GRAHAM—June 27, J. Schofield to Anna M. Graham.
SMITH—MORRISON—June 30, Charles P. Smith to Sarah J. Morrison.
REA—CALVERT—June 30, Joseph W. Rea to Libbie Calvert.
COBB—SUTHERLAND—July 7, Charleswood F. Cobb to Carrie Sutherland.
MACGEOCH—NICHOLSON—July 7, James A. G. Macgeoch to Janet Nicholson.
ALLAN—WELCH—July 8, George Wm. Allan to Muriel Hester Welch.
GRANT—DAWSON—July 8, George W. Grant to Margaret W. Dawson.



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